THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 22.

THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of

The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

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Carmichael did not enjoy the opera that night. He had missed the first acts, and the last was gruesome, and the royal box was vacant. Outside he sat down on one of the benches near the fountains in the Platz. His prolific imagination took the boundaries. Ah! That morning's ride, down the southern path of the mountains, the black squirrels in the branches, the red fox in the bushes, the clear spring, and the drink out of the tin cup which hung there for the thirsty! How prettily she had wrapped a leaf over the rusted edge of the cup! The leaf lay in his pocket. He had kissed a dozen times the spot where her lips had pressed it. Blind fool! Deeper and deeper; he knew that he never could go back to that safe ledge of the heart-free. Time could not change his heart, not if given the thousand years of the wandering Jew.

Bah! He would walk round the fountain and cool his crazy pulse. He was Irish, Irish to the core. Would any one, save an Irishman, give way, day after day, to those insane maunderings? His mood was savage; he was at odds with the world, and most of all, with himself. If only some one would come along and shoulder him rudely! He laughed ruefully. He was in a fine mood to make an ass of himself.

He left the bench and strolled round the fountain, his cane behind his back, his chin in his collar. He had made the circle several times, then he blundered into some one. The fighting mood was gone now, the walk having calmed him. He murmured a short apology for his clumsiness and started on, without even looking at the animated obstacle.

"Just a moment, my studious friend."

"Wallenstein? I didn't see you." Carmichael halted.

"That was evident," replied the colonel jestingly. "Heavens! Have you really cares of state, that you walk five times round this fountain, bump into me, and start to go on without so much as a how-do-you-do?"

"I'm absent-minded," Carmichael admitted.

"Not always, my friend."

"No, not always. You have some other meaning?"

"That is possible. Now, I do not believe that it was absent-mindedness which made you step in between me and that pretty goose-girl, the other night."

"Ah!" Carmichael was all alertness.

"It was not, I believe?"

"It was coldly premeditated," said Carmichael, folding his arms over his cane which he still held behind his back. His attitude and voice were pleasant.

"It was not friendly."

"Not to you, perhaps. But that happens to be an innocent girl, Colonel. You're no Herod. There was nothing selfish in my act. You really annoyed her."

"Pretense; they always begin that way."

"I confess I know little about that kind of hunting, but I'm sure you've started the wrong quarry this time."

"You are positive that you were disinterested?"

"Come, come, Colonel, this sounds like the beginning of a quarrel; and a quarrel should never come into life between you and me. I taught you draw poker; you ought to be grateful for that, and to accept my word regarding my disinterestedness."

"I do not wish any quarrel, my captain; but the girl's face has fascinated me. I propose to see her as often as I like."

"I have no objection to offer; but I told Gretchen that if any one, no matter who, ever offers her disrespect, to report the matter to me at the consulate."

"That is meddling."

"Tell it what you like, my colonel." "Well, in case she is what you consider insulted, what will you do?" a challenge in his tones.

"Report the matter to the police." Wallenstein laughed.

"And if the girl finds no redress there," tranquilly, "to the chancellor." "You would go so far?"

"Even further," unruffled.

"It looks as though you had drawn your saber," with irony.

"Oh, I can draw it, colonel, and when I do I guarantee you'll find no rust on it. Come," and Carmichael held out his hand amicably, "Gretchen is already in love with one of her kind. Let the child be in peace. What! Is not the new ballerina enough conquest? They are all talking about it."

"Good night, Herr Carmichael!" The colonel, ignoring the friendly hand, saluted stiffly, wheeled abruptly and left Carmichael staring rather stupidly at his empty hand.

"Well, I'm hanged! All right," with a tilt of the shoulders. "One enemy more or less doesn't matter. I'm not afraid of anything save this fool heart of mine. If he says an ill word to Gretchen, and I hear of it, I'll cane the blackguard, for that's what he is at bottom. Well, I was looking for trouble, and here it is, sure enough."

He saw a carriage coming along. He recognized the white horse as it passed the lamps. He stood still for a space, undecided. Then he sped rapidly toward the side gates of the royal garden. The vehicle stopped there. But this time no woman came out. Carmichael would have recognized that plank form anywhere. It was the chancellor. Well, what of it? Couldn't the chancellor go out in a common hack if he wanted to? But who was the lady in the veil?

"I've an idea!"

As soon as the chancellor disappeared, Carmichael hailed the coachman.

"Drive me through the gardens."

"It is too late, herr."

"Well, drive me up and down the Strasse while I finish this cigar."

"Two crowns."

"Three, if you horse behaves well." "He's as gentle as a lamb, herr."

"And doubtless will be served as one before long. Can't you throw back the top?"

"In one minute!" Five crowns and three made eight crowns; not a bad business these dull times.

Carmichael lolled in the worn cushions, wondering whether or not to question his man. But it was so unusual for a person of such particular habits as the chancellor to ride in an ordinary carriage. Carmichael slid over to the forward seat and touched the fellow on the back.

"Where did you take the chancellor tonight?" he asked.

"Du lieber Gott! Was that his excellency? He said he was the chief steward."

"So he is, my friend. I was only jesting. Where did you take him?"

"I took him to the Krumerweg. He was there half an hour. Number 40."

"Where did ou take the veiled lady?"

The coachman drew in suddenly and apprehensively. "Herr, are you from the police?"

"Thousand thunders, no! It was by accident that I stood near the gate when she got out. Who was she?"

"That is better. They both told me that they were giving charity. I did not see the lady's face, but she went into number 40, the same as the steward. You won't forget the extra crown, herr?"

"No; I'll make it five. Turn back and leave me at the Grand Hotel." Then he muttered: "Krumerweg, crooked way; number 40. If I see this old side-paddler stopping at the palace steps again, I'll take a look at number 40 myself."

On the return to the hotel the station omnibus had arrived with a solitary guest. A steamer trunk and a couple of bags were being trundled in by the porter, while the concierge was helping a short, stocky man to the ground. He hurried into the hotel, signed the police slips, and asked for his room. He seemed to be afraid of the dark. He was gone when Carmichael went into the office.

"Your excellency," said the concierge, rubbing his hands and smiling after the manner of concierges born in Switzerland, "a compatriot of yours arrived this evening."

"What name?" indifferently. Compatriots were always asking impossible things of Carmichael, introductions to the grand duke, invitations to balls, and so forth, and swearing to have him recalled if he refused to perform these offices.

The concierge picked up the slips which were to be forwarded to the police.

"He is Hans Grumbach, of New York."

"An adopted compatriot, it would seem. He'll probably be over to the consulate tomorrow to have his passports looked into. Good night."

So Hans Grumbach passed out of his mind; but for all that, fortune and opportunity were about to knock on Carmichael's door. For there was a great place in history ready for Hans Grumbach.

CHAPTER VI.

At the Black Eagle.

The day promised to be mild. There was not a cloud anywhere, and the morning mists had risen from the valleys. It was good to stand in the sunshine which seemed to draw forth all the vagaries and weariness of sleep from the mind and body. Hans Grumbach shook himself gratefully. He was standing on the curb in front of the Grand Hotel, his back to the sun. It was 9 o'clock. The broad Konigstrasse shone, the white stone of the palaces glared, the fountains glistened and the coloring tree tops scintillated like the head dress of an Indian prince. Hans was short but strongly built; a mild blue-eyed German, smooth-faced, ruddy-cheeked, white-haired, with a brown button of a nose. He drank his beer with the best of them, but it never got as far as his nose save from the outside. His suit was tight-fitting, but the checks were ample, and the watch-chain a little too heavy, and the huge garnet on his third finger was not in good taste. But what's the odds? Grumbach was satisfied, and it's one's own satisfaction that counts most.

Presently two police officers came along and went into the hotel. Grumbach turned with a sigh and followed them. Doubtless they had come to look over his passports. And this happened to be the case.

The senior officer unfolded the precious document.

"It is not yet viseed by your consul," said the officer.

"I arrived late last night. I shall see him this morning," replied Grumbach.

"You were not born in America?"

"Oh, no; I came from Bavaria."

"At what age?"

"I was 20."

"Did you go to America with your parents?"

"No. I was alone."

"You still have your permit to leave Bavaria?"

"I believe so; I am not certain. I never thought in those days I should become rich enough to travel."

The word that tingled with gold soothed the suspicious ear of the officer.

"What is your business in America?"

"I am a plumber, now retired."

"And your business here?"

"Simply pleasure."

"You are forty?" said the officer, referring to the passports.

"Yes."

"This is rather young to retire from business."

"Not in America," easily.

"True, everybody grows rich there, with gold mines popping open at one's feet. It must be a great country." The officer sighed as he refolded the documents. "As soon as these are approved by his excellency the American consul, kindly have a porter bring them over to the bureau of police. It will be only a matter of form. I shall return them at once."

Grumbach produced a Louis Napoleon which was then as now acceptable that side of the Rhine. It was not done with pomposity, but rather with the exuberance of a man whose purse and letter of credit possess an assuring circumference.

"Drink a bottle, you and your comrade," he said.

This the officer promised to do forthwith. He returned the passports, put a hand to his cap respectfully and, followed by his assistant, walked off briskly.

Grumbach took off his derby and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. This moisture had not been wrung forth by any atmospheric effect. From the top of his forehead to the cowlick on the back of his head ran a broad white scar. At one time or another Grumbach had been on the ragged edge of the long journey. He went out of doors. There is nothing like sunshine to tonic the ebbing courage.

Coming up the thoroughfare, with a dash of spirit and color, was a small troop of horses. The sunlight broke upon the steel and silver. A waiter, cleaning off the little iron tables on the sidewalk, paused. The riders passed, all but two in splendid uniforms. Grumbach watched them till they disappeared into the palace courtyard. He called to the waiter.

"Who are they?"

"The grand duke and some of his staff, Herr."

"The grand duke? Who was the gentleman in civilian clothes?"

"That was his excellency, Herr Carmichael, the American consul."

"Very good. And the young lady?"

"Her serene highness, the Princess Hildegarde."

"Bring me a glass of beer," said Grumbach, sinking down at a table A thousand questions surged against his lips, but he kept them shut with all the stolidity of his native blood. When the waiter set the beer down before him, he said: Where does Herr Carmichael live?"

"The consulate is in the Adlergasse. He himself lives here at the Grand Hotel. Ach! He is a great man, Herr Carmichael."

"So?"

"A friend of the grand duke, a friend of her serene highness, liked everywhere, a fine shot and a great fencer, and rides a horse as if he were sewn to the saddle. And all the ladies admire him because he dances."

"So he dances? Quite a lady's man To Grumbach a man who danced was a lady's man, something to be held in contempt.

"You would not call him a lady's man, if you mean he wastes his time on them."

"But you say he dances?"

"Ach Gott! Don't we all dance to some tune or other?" cried the waiter philosophically.

"You are right; different music, different jigs. Take the coppers."

"Thanks, Herr." The waiter continued his work.

So Herr Carmichael lived here. That would be convenient. Gumbach decided to wait for him. He had seen enough of men to know if he could trust the consul. He glared at the amber-cold in the glass, took a vigorous swallow, and smacked his lips. A sentimental old fool; he was neither more nor less.

The wait for Carmichael was short. The American consul came along with energetic stride. He had been to the earlier maneuvers, and aside from coffee and bacon he had had no breakfast. The ride and the cold air of morning had made him ravenous. Grumbach rose and caught Carmichael by the arm.

"Your pardon, sir," he said in good English, "but you are Mr. Carmichael, the American consul?"

"I am."

"Will you kindly look over my papers?" Grumbach asked.

"You are from the United States?" Then Carmichael remembered that this must be the compatriot who arrived the night before. "I shall be very glad to see you in the Adlergasse at half after ten. It is one flight up, next door to the Black Eagle Any one will show you the way. I haven't breakfasted yet, and I can not transact any business in these dusty clothes. Good morning."

Grumbach liked the consul's smile. More than that, he recognized instantly that this handsome young man was a gentleman. The inherent respect for caste had not been beaten out of Grumbach's blood; he had come from a brood in a peasant's hovel. To him the word gentleman would always signify birth and good clothes; what the heart and mind were did not matter much.

He had more than an hour to idle away, so he wandered through the park, admiring the freshness of the green, the well-kept flower-beds, the crisp hedges, and the clean graveled paths. There was nothing like it back there in America. They hadn't the time there; everybody was in the market, speculating in bubbles. He admired the snowy fountains, too, and the doves that darted in and out of the wind-blown spray. There was nothing like this in America, either. He was not belittling; he was only making comparisons. He knew that he would be far happier in his adopted country, which would accomplish all these beautiful things farther on.

He looked up heavenward, where the three bergs shouldered the dazzling snow into the blue. This impressed him more than all else; that little wrinkle in the middle berg's ice had been there when he was a boy. Nothing had changed in Dreiberg save the Konig Strasse, whose cobbles had been replaced by smooth blocks of wood. At times he sent swift but uncertain glances toward the palaces. He longed to peer through the great iron fence, but he smothered this desire. He would find out what he wanted to know when he met Carmichael at the consulate. Here the bell in the cathedral struck the tenth hour; not a semitone had this voice of bronze changed in all these years. It was good to be here in Dreiberg again. Should he ask the way to the Adlergasse? Perhaps this would be wiser. So he put the question to a policeman. The officer politely gave him a detailed route.

"Follow these directions and you will have no trouble in finding the Adlergasse."

"Much obliged."

Trouble? Scarcely! He had put out his first protest against the world in the Adlergasse, forty years since. He came to a stand before the old tavern. Not even the sign had been painted anew, though the oak board was a trifle paler and there was a little more rust on the hinges. Many a time he had fought with the various pot-boys. He wondered if there were any pot-boys inside now. He noted the dingy consulate sign, then started up the dark and narrow stairs. The consulate door stood open. A clerk, native to Ehrenstein, was writing at a table. At a desk by the window sat Carmichael, deep in a volume of Dumas. No one ever hurried here; no one ever had palpitation of the heart over business. The clerk lifted his head.

"Mr. Carmichael?" said Grumbach in English.

The clerk indicated with his pen toward the individual by the window. Carmichael read on. Grumbach had assimilated some Americanisms. He went bodily over and seated himself in the chair at the side of the desk. With a sigh Carmichael left Porthos in the grotto of Locmaria.

"I am Mr. Grumbach. I spoke to you this morning about my passports. Will you kindly look them over?"

Carmichael took the papers, frowning slightly. Grumbach laid his derby on his knees. The consul went over the papers, viseed them, and handed them to their owner.

"You will have no trouble going about with those," Carmichael said listlessly. "How long will you be in Dreiberg?"

"I do not know," said Grumbach truthfully.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is only one thing," answered Grumbach, "but you may object, and I shall not blame you if you do. It will be a great favor."

"What do you wish?" more listlessly.

"An invitation to the military ball at the palace, after the maneuvers," quietly.

Carmichael sat up. He had not expected so large an order as this.

"I am afraid you are asking something impossible for me to obtain," he replied coldly, thumbing the leaves of his book.

"Ah, Mr. Carmichael, it is very important that I should be there."

"Explain."

"I can give you no explanations. I wish to attend this ball. I do not care to meet the grand duke or any one else. Put me in the gallery where I shall not be noticed. That is all I ask of you."

"That might be done. But you have roused my curiosity. Your request is out of the ordinary. You have some purpose?"

"A perfectly harmless one," said Grumbach, mopping his forehead.

This movement brought Carmichael's eye to the scar. Grumbach acknowledged the stare by running his finger along the subject.

"I came near passing in my checks the day I got that," he volunteered. "Everybody looks at it when I take off my hat. I've tried tonics, but the hair won't grow there."

"Where did you get it?"

"At Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg?" with a lively facial change. "You were in the war?"

"All through it."

Carmichael was no longer indifferent. He gave his hand.

"I've got a few scars myself. What regiment?"

"The —th cavalry, New York."

"What troop?" with growing excitement.

"C troop."

"I was captain of B troop in the same regiment. Hurrah! Work's over for the day. Come along with me, Grumbach, and we'll talk it over down-stairs in the Black Eagle. You're a godsend. C troop! Hanged if the world doesn't move things about oddly. I was in the hospital myself after Gettysburg; a ball in the leg. And I've rheumatism even now when a damp spell comes."

So down to the tavern they went, and there they talked the battles over, sundry tankards interpolating. It was "Do you remember this?" and, "Do you recall that?" with diagrams drawn in beer on the oaken table.

"But there's one thing, my boy," said Carmichael.

"What's that?"

"The odds were on our side, or we'd be fighting yet."

"That we would. The poor devils were always hungry when we whipped them badly."

"But you're from this side of the water?"

"Yes; went over when I was 22," Grumbach sucked his pipe stolidly.

"What part of Germany?"

"Bavaria; it is so written in my passports."

"Munich?"

Grumbach circled the room. All the near tables were vacant. The Black Eagle was generally a lonely place till late in the afternoon. Grumbach touched the scar tenderly. Could he trust this man? Could he trust any one in the world? The impulse came to trust Carmichael, and he did not disregard it.

"I was born in this very street," he whispered.

"Here?"

"Sh! Not so loud! Yes, in this very street. But if the police knew, I wouldn't be worth that!"—with a snap of the fingers. "My passports, my American citizenship, they would be worthless. You know that."

"But what does this all mean? What have you done that you can't come back here openly?" Here was a mystery. This man with the kindly face and frank eyes could be no ordinary criminal. "Can I help you in any way?"

"No; no one can help me."

"But why did you come back? You were safe enough in New York."

"Who can say what a man will do? Don't question me. Let be. I have said too much already. Some day perhaps I shall tell you why. When I went away I was thin and pale and had yellow hair. Today I am fat, gray-headed; I have made money. Who will recognize me now? No one."

"But your name?"

Grumbach laughed unmusically. "Grumbach is as good as another. Listen. You are my comrade now; we have shed our blood on the same field. There is not tie stronger than that. When I left Dreiberg there was a reward of a thousand crowns for me. Dead or alive, preferably dead."

Carmichael was plainly bewildered. He tried to recall the past history of Ehrenstein which would offer a niche for this inoffensive-looking German. He was blocked.

"Dead or alive," he repeated.

"So."

"You were mad to return."

"I know it. But I had to come; I couldn't help it. Oh, don't look like that! I never hurt anybody, unless it was in battle"—naively. "Ask no more, my friend. I promise to tell you when the right time comes. Now, will you get me that invitation to the gallery at the military ball?"

"I will, if you will give me your word as a soldier, as a comrade in arms, that you have no other purpose than to look at the people."

"As God is my judge"—solemnly—"that is all I wish to do. Now, what has happened since I went away? I have dared to ask questions of no one."

Carmichael gave him a brief summary of events, principal among which was the amazing restoration of the Princess Hildegarde. When he had finished, Grumbach remained dumb and motionless for a time.

"And what is her serene highness like?"

To describe the Princess Hildegarde was not only an easy task, but a pleasant one to Carmichael, and if he embroidered this description here and there, Grumbach was too deeply concerned with the essential points to notice these variations in the theme.

"So she is gentle and beautiful? Why not? Ach! You should have seen her mother. She was the most beautiful woman in all Germany, and she sang like one of those Italian nightingales. I recall her when I was a boy. I would gladly have died at a word from her. All loved her. The king of Jugendheit wanted her, but she loved the grand duke. So the Princess Hildegarde has come back to her own? God is good!" And Grumbach bent his head reverently.

"Well," said Carmichael, beckoning to the waitress, and paying the score, "if any trouble rises, send for me. You don't look like a man who has done anything very bad." He offered his hand again.

Grumbach pressed it firmly, and there was a moisture in his eyes.

Together they returned to the Grand Hotel for lunch. On the way neither talked very much. They were both thinking of the same thing, but from avenues diametrically opposed. Grumbach declined Carmichael's invitation to lunch, and immediately sought his own room.

Once there, he closed the shutters so as to admit but half the day's light, and opened his battered trunk. From the false bottom, which had successfully eluded the vigilance of a dozen frontiers, he took out a small bundle. This he opened carefully, his eyes blurring. Mad fool that he had been! How many times had he gazed at these trinkets in these sixteen or more years? How often had he uttered lamentations over them? How many times had the talons of remorse gashed his heart?

Two little yellow shoes, so small that they lay on his palm as lightly as two butterflies; a little cloak trimmed with ermine; a golden locket shaped like a heart!

(To Be Continued.)

The Heavens in June

By Prof. Eric Doolittle, of the University of Pennsylvania

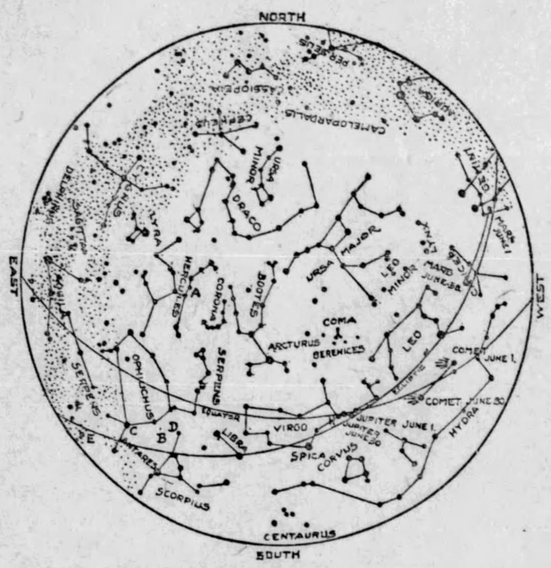

Figure 1—The Constellations, June 1, 9 p. m.
(If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold east below; if facing west hold west below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

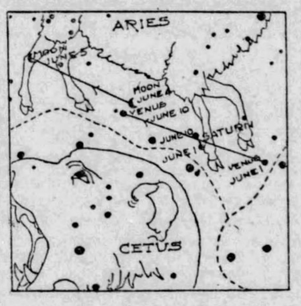

Figure 2—Showing the positions of the Moon, Venus and Saturn at the conjunction of June 5.

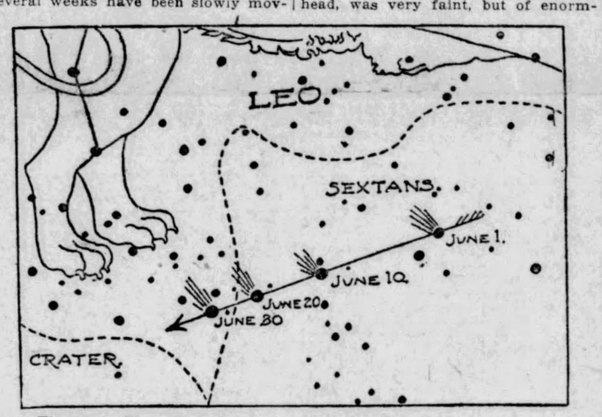

Figure 4—The path of Halley's comet during June.

With the slow changing of the seasons the faint summer constellations again cover almost the whole face of the sky. Of the bright winter groups the Lion alone remains wholly above the ground, and during July the slow turning of the heavenly sphere will cause this to disappear in the west, while the Fishes and the Archer will then be seen in the east, and the transformation of the winter into the summer sky will be complete.

Almost exactly overhead the observer now sees the brightest of the summer stars, Arcturus, a great sun so bright and yet so far away that it must be constantly pouring forth five thousand times as much light and heat as our own sun emits. Below this is the white Spica and the red Antares, the former a very close double star and the latter the most striking of all the red stars of the sky. Its flashing, fiery red color can best be seen with a small telescope, but even to the naked eye the difference in color between these three bright stars so near together in the heavens is very evident.

To the east of Arcturus is the delicate Northern Crown, and the great group Hercules, with its wonderful cluster at A. Fig 1, while still lower down the beautiful Northern Cross has now appeared with the striking little group of the Dolphin or Job's Coffin nearby. The summer branch of the Milky Way with its wonderfully intricate structure, its multitude of stars crowded into knots or apparently heaped into vast clouds, now fills this part of the heavens.

Throughout this region there are very many most interesting stellar clusters. The most remarkable and most densely packed with stars is that at B, Fig. 1, almost in a straight line between the stars C and D. Except in a large telescope, however, this appears only as a faint, nebulous cloud, and is, therefore, a disappointing object. The bright clusters at E and F are beautiful objects, even in a very small glass, and are easily visible to the naked eye.

The Planets.

Jupiter, the most brilliant object in the sky, shines out high up in the south of the constellation of the Virgin. This great world, turning so rapidly about its axis and bringing its delicate rose-colored markings successively into view, is a most beautiful object for examination in a small telescope. On June 10 at 8 h. 36 m. (Eastern time) the observer will see the inner moon begin to pass across the face of the planet. This will emerge 2 h. 15 m. later, at which time the third moon will be seen, also almost touching the planet's edge. This moon will pass behind Jupiter at 11 h. 18 m. p. m. Similarly, the second moon will transit across the planet in the early evening on June 13.

For months Jupiter has been moving slowly westward among the stars, but on June 2 at 6 a. m. it ceases its western motion and begins to move eastward again. On April 1 it passed the interesting double star at H, Fig. 1, in its slow westward motion, but now it is seen to be drawing nearer the star. Its motion is so slow that it will not again pass the star until August 1.

Mars moves rapidly eastward from the Twins, entirely across the Crab, and, therefore, remains visible in the western sky throughout the whole of the month. It is too far away from the earth, however, to be satisfactorily observed.

Conjunction of Venus and Saturn.

On the morning of June 5 a most beautiful spectacle is presented in the morning sky. The bright morning stars—Venus and Saturn—which for several weeks have been slowly moving toward one another, will at that time be so close together that they will appear as a single bright star to the naked eye. In a small telescope both worlds will be seen—Venus lying four minutes north of Saturn. The two planets will appear to be of almost exactly the same size, the silvery white disc of Venus, now more than half full, contrasting strongly with the greenish ball of Saturn. This conjunction must be viewed about one hour before sunrise, on June 5; the planets do not attain their closes approach until 9 a. m. (Eastern time); and hence will be seen slightly farther apart by observers in the Eastern states than by those in the West.

On the morning of June 4 the moon occults both Venus and Saturn, a rare and most interesting sight, but one which, unfortunately, cannot be seen by observers in the United States.

Halley's Comet.

During the second week in May the comet increased greatly in brightness, and was a conspicous object in the eastern sky. It's tail, except near the head, was very faint, but of enormous extent; at one time it was so long that it could be traced half way across the entire heavens.

As the 18th of the month approached and the comet drew nearer the sun, it was completely lost in the bright dawn. This was what astronomers knew would occur. At this time all were looking forward with the highest interest to the phenomena of the next Wednesday night, when the earth was destined to pass directly through the tail itself, and observers on the islands of the Pacific were probably destined to see the transit of the head of the comet across the disc of the sun. Would the tail be visible as we passed through it, and is the head made up of particles so large that they would be seen as black spots against the sun, or would they prove to be too small to be detected? An opportunity to witness so remarkable a phenomenon might not occur again for many centuries.

Very unfortunately a bright moon made the search for faint streamers difficult, but as the moon sank in the western sky a luminous area, described as at times brighter than the Milky Way, was seen stretching up from the ground in the northeast, nearly to the zenith. This was very probably not the tail of the comet itself, but an electrical effect produced in our own atmosphere by the electrically charged particles which had surrounded our world after having been driven 14,000,000 of miles away from the head.

Except for this, the display was disappointing. No evidence of the tail was obtained even by long exposures of delicate photographic plates, nor in the bright moonlight could the expected streamers be seen. Yet even this negative result has high interest because it proves the extraordinary tenousness of the tail at so great a distance from the head.

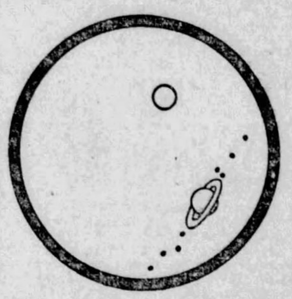

Figure 3—The appearance of Venus and Saturn as viewed with a telescope on the morning of June 5.

As to the transit of the comet across the sun, this was also invisible. The observers who went thousands of miles to watch the phenomenon saw nothing. The comet unquestionably passed directly across the sun at the time predicted, and the careful observations have revealed that in this comet at least there is no large solid nucleus, and that the meteoric particles of which it is composed are none of them so large as 10 miles in diameter.

It is growing very rapidly fainter as it rushes away from the earth, and will soon become lost to sight in even the most powerful telescopes. During June its distance from us will increase from 42,000,000 to 225,000,000 of miles, and at the end of the month it will be only one-twenty-fourth part as bright as at the beginning. During the years to come it will slowly follow the exact path predicted by the astronomers, steadily pursuing its long journey into the depths of space, destined to again return and interest our successors in the year 1986.

ERIC DOOLITTLE.

At Odds WITH THE Regent

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XVI.

A Day of Fruitless Effort.

I arose in the morning weary and unrefreshed. My forebodings had increased rather than diminished, and I determined to lose no time in doing all I could in Richelieu's behalf. Jacques' gloomy face reflected my own, and I ate my breakfast in silence, for I had not the heart to tell him how little hope I really had and how helpless I felt.

I left the house and went first to the Tuileries. Although the hour was still early Madame du Maine was already at work, as I had no doubt she would be, and I was shown into her presence. As usual, Mlle. de Launay was with her.

"Have you heard of the arrest of M. de Richelieu, madame?" I inquired, as soon as we had exchanged greetings.

"Is the duke, then, arrested again, and for what?" she asked, quickly and with visible uneasiness.

"For nothing connected with your plan, madame, but merely for being in Paris against the orders of the regent."

I saw that she breathed again.

"And when was he in Paris?" she asked. "I thought him at Bayonne."

"He was in Paris last night, madame."

"And what was he doing in Paris?" she questioned, sharply.

"He came upon some private business, madame. He was surprised by a company of guards and taken to the Bastile."

"Some love-affair, I do not doubt," she said, bitterly. "Richelieu should learn to allow his private affairs to wait when they interfere with matters of greater moment, as he must have known they would do in this case."

I glanced at the duchess in surprise, for this was the first indication of selfishness I had detected in her.

"He expressly charged me to tell you, madame," I said, a little stiffly, "that his arrest would make no difference to your plans so far as Bayonne is concerned. The regiment and the town council are ready and understand perfectly what is expected of them."

"Then all is well," cried the duchess. "Pardon me, madame," I objected, "but all is not well. M. de Richelieu is in the Bastile."

"Bell, he will not remain there long. In a week we shall have control of Paris, and the doors will be opened for him."

"But if the conspiracy fails, madame?"

"In that case, monsieur," said the duchess, haughtily, "we shall none of us be in better case than is M. de Richelieu at this moment. But who talks of failure? We shall not fail. We cannot fail," and I thought as I looked at her that with a few more leaders such as she failure would indeed be impossible. But one woman against all France was heavy odds.

"Believe me, M. de Brancas," she continued, in a gentler tone, "I can at this time do nothing for our friend. I have no influence with the regent, and a word from me would do Richelieu more harm than good."

I recognized the justness of her words, and said as much.

"Anything I can do shall be done, rest assured of that," she added.

"By the way, monsieur, I shall look for you at my salon tonight. We have need that all our friends should gather to us."

I promised to be there, and withdrew with a heavy heart. I paused to consider what next to do. If I were to go to the Bastile, I reflected, I might have opportunity to see the prisoner and exchange a word of comfort with him. Anything was better than doing nothing, so I set off towards the dismal old prison. I reached it in the course of half an hour and asked the sentry at the outer gate if I might see M. de Maison-Rouge.

"What name monsieur?" he inquired. I gave him my name, and he summoned a messenger, who returned in a few moments saying I was to enter. The gate opened and I was again in the outer court-yard.

"I know the way," I said to the messenger, who started to accompany me.

"Nevertheless I must go with you, monsieur," he replied. "It is the rule."

I made no further objection, and he led me to the presence of the governor.

"Ah, M. de Brancas," and he smiled as I entered, "you are early, but I was expecting you."

"Doubtless," I answered, dryly. "But tell me, may I see Richelieu?"

"I regret to say that you may not, monsieur. The regent has sent me a special order to allow the duke to see no one and to hold communication with no one."

A chill ran through me at this new evidence of the regent's purpose.

"And what inference do you draw from this order, monsieur?" I inquired, after a moment's gloomy thought.

Maison-Rouge shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not for me to draw inferences," he said. "I obey orders without questioning."

"And how does he take his imprisonment?"

"He seems to be in good spirits," and Maison-Rouge smiled. "In fact, I have never seen him otherwise, and he was here for over a year when he was younger. I use him as kindly as the regulations permit. He has his old room, which he seems to prefer, and I have allowed him to send to his hotel for some additional clothing and furniture. I can do nothing more, monsieur, even were I so inclined. There are many in the Bastile who are not so fortunate."

There was nothing more to be said, and I left the place, the messenger, who was waiting outside the door, accompanying me to the gate. As I passed through it, I reflected that I might perhaps be able to catch a glimpse of Richelieu at his cell window, and I turned to the right along the lofty outer wall and the deep ditch which rendered approach to it more difficult. The great prison had an indescribably threatening and gloomy air even under the rays of the noonday sun, and my heart trembled within me at the thought of the scores of helpless men behind those massive walls; of the miserable wretches lying in the oubliettes, thrown there, perhaps, by a royal caprice which had forgotten the prisoner before it had forgotten its wrath, and for whom death was the only release. Truly, there are worse things than death, and it were better for Richelieu to lose his

Co-operation That Wins

The Maccabaean.

FEW people have an adequate conception of the proportions the co-operative movement has actually attained both in Europe and America. In this country the mention of cooperation usually suggests a few idealistic failures like Brook Farm and New Harmony. It is not commonly known that the great majority of cooperative experiments on agricultural and distributive lines have been successful.

The cooperative stores of Great Britain now do business amounting to over half a billion dollars, and this vast movement, which some years ago was estimated to be increasing at the rate of 40 per cent. in five years, began with the classical experiment of the Rochdale weavers in 1844, who with a capital of a few dollars opened up their cooperative store on a back street of their town.

A not very recent estimate gives the number of members of cooperative societies in the United Kingdom as two million. In Switzerland the number of stores grew in five years (according to the same not very recent authority) from 14,000 to 22,000, or nearly 80 per cent. A cooperative store in Milan does a business of $1,250,000 a year. This form of cooperation in short has spread to nearly every civilized country and has been uniformly successful.

Similar success, though not on such a large scale, has attended agricultural cooperation and especially in the dairy industry. In Denmark four-fifths of the milk produced in the country is handled by the cooperative creameries, which make $35,000,000 worth of butter a year. The most interesting examples of success in this form of cooperation, however, exist in the United States. Six-sevenths of all the creameries in Minnesota are cooperative.

A large proportion of the creameries of Wisconsin, Iowa and Massachusetts are cooperative. Fruit growers' cooperative organizations have been formed in nine states with about 100,000 members. More than half the orange business of California is handled by the Southern California Fruit Exchange, a cooperative federation composed of some 70 associations with about 4,000 members. It is estimated that one-third of the fruit business of California is in the hands of cooperative associations.

The practicability of cooperative agricultural communities may be most impressively brought to mind by citing two or three examples of successful experiments. The first is only partly cooperative; the land is owned in common—the single tax is applied. This association is at Fairhope, on the east shore of Mobile Bay in Alabama. It now owns 1,600 acres of land; has a population of between 500 and 700; its dwellings have been in existence 15 years, and the village has made more rapid progress than any other place on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay.

The Amana and Shaker communities are communistic, but nevertheless, from an economic point of view, highly successful. The Amana societies, which do not prohibit marriage, number 1,700 or 1,800 members living in seven villages about the centre of Iowa.

INDIANS DON'T SWEAR

Don't Abuse Their Children, Says Guardian of 300 Young Reds.

Des Moines Register and Leader.

The father-in-law of 300 Indian children! This is the remarkable task which Dave Guyette, a former Iowan, but now a resident of Muskogee, Okla., has faced.

Prior to the granting of statehood to the combined territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory under the name of Oklahoma it was necessary under the law for all minor Indians to have a guardian who could give bond, make contracts, leases, etc.

Mr. Guyette, after failing to obtain a farm at the opening of the Cherokee Outlet, settled at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation, in 1893. Acting as the fiduciary officer of a trust company, Mr. Guyette was appointed by the federal court the guardian of more than 300 Cherokee children.

Speaking of his experiences in his parental capacity Mr. Guyette, who is visiting in Des Moines, said "Until the advent of statehood I was about the busiest individual in these United States. A family of 300 children with their mothers can lead a person a rather strenuous life. I was necessarily often in the homes of these people and must commend one feature of the life of the Indian woman to her white sister, and that is the fact that children are never given corporal punishment.

"I never saw a Cherokee mother strike her child, scold or punish it in any way. She might neglect the child, but abuse it never. She couldn't possibly swear at the child, whatever the provocation, as there are no swear words in the Indian language. Even when they learn English, Indians don't swear."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. *See that you get what you ask for.*

head than to go mad in one of those reeking torture chambers.

A narrow path ran along the top of the embankment, and I followed this until I reached the end of the outer wall. Within was the dreary Tower du Puits in which we had been confined, and my eyes sought out the window of Richelieu's cell and of my own just above it. At this distance they seemed mere port-holes in the great wall, and owing to the darkness within, I found that I could not see the prisoner, even if he were standing at his window. But he might be able to recognize me, and I took my handkerchief from my pocket and waved it in the air. In a moment I was rejoiced to see an answering gleam of white between the bars of the window, and I knew that he had seen me. I waved again and yet again, and as I did so heard hurrying feet behind me, and a hand was laid roughly on my shoulder.

"You will accompany us, monsieur," said a voice.

I turned sharply and saw three men in the uniform of the Bastile guards. Each carried a musket.

"What is it now?" I asked in amazement.

"Monsieur knows or should know," answered the man, "that all signalling to the prisoners is prohibited under pain of imprisonment. Put up your handkerchief and follow me, monsieur."

I followed without a word, but inwardly cursing my ill fortune, and for the second time that morning the outer gate opened to admit me, this time without question. I was led straight to the governor's office, a sentry on either side. Maison-Rouge looked at me with astonishment as I entered, and heard with evident impatience the statement of the guard who had arrested me.

"That will do," he said, as he concluded his story, and as the door closed behind them he turned to me. "M. de Brancas, I need not tell you that your offence is a serious one, and that many persons have been imprisoned for much less."

"I had desired only to let Richelieu know that his friends had not forgot him," I protested.

"The regent has ordered that no communication be held with him," said Maison-Rouge, sternly, "and I tell you plainly, monsieur, that at another attempt of this kind he will be placed in a cell where he will not only not see his friends, but where he will also never see the light of day. I intend taking no chance of offending the regent a second time."

"Very well, monsieur," I said, reflecting that anything was better than that Richelieu should be plunged into an oubliette; "as for me, I promise to hold no further communication with him until the regent permits it. Am I, also, a prisoner?"

"No, M. de Brancas," he answered, not unkindly, "I do not intend to imprison you. I wish merely to warn you. You may go."

The messenger was waiting, and I left the Bastile for the second time, to the obvious astonishment of the sentries at the outer gate. As it clanged shut behind me I decided that there was only one thing more I could do to see the regent and endeavor to mitigate his anger against Richelieu. I had deferred this to the last, for I had little hope of success, and indeed thought it not unlikely that I should leave his presence escorted by a squad of soldiers; but everything else had failed me, and I turned towards the Palais Royal. Two o'clock was striking as I reached the Rue St. Honore, which was crowded with the usual throng of carriages and pedestrians. I pushed my way through these, meeting no one whom I knew, and soon reached the palace.

I was shown into a large antechamber where a score of people were awaiting an audience, and among them I perceived Herault. He was walking up and down with a gentleman whom I did not know, but who wore the uniform of a captain of the guards. In a moment Herault perceived me, and came towards me, holding out his hand.

"Good-day, M. de Brancas," he cried. "I am glad to see you. I trust you suffered no ill effects from your bath of yesterday evening"

"None whatever, monsieur," I answered, smiling, for I liked the hearty good humor of the man, and perceived that my liking was returned.

"M. de Brancas," he continued, "allow me to present my friend the Marquis d'Ancenis, captain of the guards. I was just relating to him the details of your leap into the Seine."

"In faith, 'twas worth relating," declared d'Ancenis, warmly. "I know no other man who could have done it so neatly, monsieur."

I bowed my thanks.

"It was really nothing," I protested, "and after all accomplished nothing, since the friend whom I wished to rescue is at this moment in the Bastile."

"Ah, well, one cannot accomplish miracles, monsieur," said d'Ancenis, and I looked with pleasure at his smiling face, which reminded me of Richelieu. "Do you know, you have become famous during your brief residence in Paris. Only last night I heard a handsome woman discoursing on your many feats."

My heart leaped within me.

"And may I ask the lady's name, monsieur?" I stammered.

"'Twas Madame du Maine," said d'Ancenis, and my heart sank again, for I had hoped to hear another name. "We had a little dinner together with half a dozen others, and the duchess was the life of it. She is a wonderful woman, only I fancied last night that she was looking careworn."

I thought to myself that if he knew what I knew he would not wonder that she looked careworn.

"Well," he continued, "she told us a story concerning you which seemed to me well-nigh impossible. What do you think it was, Herault?" he asked, turning to the latter. "It was that this devil of a fellow, together with Richelieu, not only managed to escape from the Bastile the other night, but after keeping an appointment killed two or three of the regent's attendants, and then actually forced their way back into their cells, leaving no trace of their passage, before the regent could get to the Bastile. When he reached there they were asleep in their cells, all the gates were barred and not a sentry had seen them pass. What think you of that?"

"It sounds like a story from the Thousand and One Nights," and Herault looked at me questioningly. "But is it true, monsieur?"

"The facts were very much as M. d'Ancenis says, though I have never told the story," and I smiled at the astonishment of the two men.

"But how was this miracle accomplished?" asked Herault.

"Ah, do not ask him that, Herault," cried d'Ancenis, gayly. "He may, perchance, have need to work it again some time, and as for me, I hope it will again succeed."

"If I had known you were a magician of that sort, monsieur," laughed Herault, "I should have placed 20 guards in your room instead of six. There might have been three or four whom you could not have interested in that game of yours."

He would have said more, but an usher interrupted him.

"The regent awaits the Marquis d'Ancenis and M. Herault," he said.

The two hurried after him and disappeared through a door at the farther end of the room. I walked up and down impatiently, for I knew no one else in the antechamber, and as the moments passed I wondered what business of importance it was which kept them so long with the regent. It was fully half an hour before they reappeared, and a glance at their faces told me that something of moment had occurred. They merely nodded to me as they passed, and hurried from the room. As I was reflecting on their singular behavior, a page brought me a message.

"The regent regrets that he cannot see you today, monsieur," he said. "He is very busy with affairs of state."

Well, perhaps he was busy, but I felt my apprehension deepen as I left the palace and returned slowly to the Hotel de Richelieu. There was nothing more to be done, at least for that day, but perhaps the morrow would bring some hope with it. One glance at my face told Jacques of the ill success of my efforts, but he bravely concealed his disappointment. He told me that Richelieu had sent for certain articles of clothing and furniture, from which he argued that his imprisonment could not be very rigorous. I had not the heart to tell him of my grave fears and the reasons for them, and ate my dinner in silence.

I spent the half hour following before the fire reviewing the situation, but look at it how I might, I could find little of comfort in it. If the conspiracy succeeded, everything would be well, but a haunting fear possessed me, a belief that the regent knew of it, and that, to use Herault's words of the day before, he was playing with us as a cat plays with a mouse, only to crush us more completely in the end.

Eight o'clock sounded as I sat there musing, and I remembered with a start that I had promised Madame du Maine to be present at her salon that evening. I had little desire to mix in that gay company, but a promise was a promise, and I sprang from my chair, added a few touches to my toilet, and, leaving the house, was soon at the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Regent Shows His Hand.

The place was more brilliant than I had ever seen it. The room was crowded from end to end by a throng of richly dressed people, from whom every instant came bursts of laughter, following some witty sally—only to me, whose ears were perhaps unduly critical, the laughter sounded forced and unnatural, sometimes almost hysterical. Mlle. de Launay appeared to be everywhere at once, and left smiles behind her wherever she went. Truly, a wonderful woman, but to me her activity seemed feverish. The duchess, as usual, held her court at the farther end of the room, and the crowd about her was so dense that I despaired of getting to her, and paused to look about me. I saw that all of her political satellites were present. Polignac was the center of one interested group, Chancel was declaiming his latest satire to another, Malesieu was explaining the meaning of a Greek phrase to a third. There were many persons present whom I had never seen before, notably a number of gentlemen elegantly dressed, but not in the latest Paris mode, whom I immediately set down as provincial. The duchess and her maid withdrew before I could get a word with either of them, and I joined the group about Chancel. But I found his satire little to my liking, for it was merely a brutal tirade against the regent, and contained accusations which I felt certain even Chancel himself knew to be untrue.

As the moments passed I noticed that the provincial gentlemen, as well as the other personages present, were approached by a page and taken one by one to the room into which Madame du Maine had retired, and that when they came out again there was fire in their eyes and a new intelligence in their faces. Only once was there any break in this stream of persons entering and leaving the cabinet. The page appeared to be seeking some one whom he could not find.

"Have you seen the Abbe Brigaut this evening, monsieur?" I heard him inquire of the gentleman at my elbow, and the latter replied in the negative. He took this answer back to the duchess, and a moment later reappeared to conduct others of those present to that mysterious door. I was racking my brain to find an explanation of this proceeding, when the page approached me.

"Madame du Maine wishes to speak to you a moment, M. de Brancas," he said, and without waiting for a reply he led the way to the door through which I had already seen so many enter. I followed him, and in a moment the door closed behind me. The duchess and Mlle. de Launay were sitting at a large table littered with papers.

"Ah, M. de Brancas," cried the former as I entered, and I saw that her eyes were bright and her face flushed with excitement, "it is, as you see, a gathering of the clans. Tonight we are all assembled, each to learn his part in the drama we are about to play. You have perhaps noticed that there are many strangers present?"

"I have indeed noticed it, madame," I answered.

"And you have been wondering who they are, have you not? Well, I will tell you, M. de Brancas. They are representatives of half the noble houses of Brittany, who have come to give me personal asurance of their support. Tonight, monsieur, the threads are all in my hands, and in five days Philip d'Orleans will no longer be regent of France."

The lines of care had faded from her face and left her 10 years younger. Her companion had caught her enthusiasm, and her eyes were sparkling in sympathy with those of the duchess.

"I rejoice to learn that everything goes so well," I said, and I felt my heart warming for these two women who had accomplished so much. "Has madame any comamnds for me? I should be most happy to take a part in the drama, even though it be a small one."

"'Tis not a command, but a request," she answered quickly. "You can be of great service to me if you will, M. de Branças. The arrest of Richelieu takes a cog out of the wheel, and in order that the machine may move with perfect certainty and smoothness, I wish you to replace that cog. In a word, monsieur, what I desire is a personal representative at Bayonne, a man whom I can trust and in whose courage I have faith. You are that man, M. de Brancas"—I bowed at the compliment—"and I ask you to go to represent me at Bayonne."

"I will go with the greatest pleasure, madame," I answered; "only will the good people of Bayonne have in me the same faith which you have?"

"You will take papers with you which will inspire them with faith, monsieur," she answered, "and I believe that after they have known you a few days even the papers will be unnecessary. They will be handed to you presently, for I wish you to set out tonight. At 10 o'clock a horse will be waiting for you just without the little gate at the back of the Tuileries, which you already know, as you passed through it the other day with Mlle. da Launay. Here is a key to the gate. At 10 o'clock we will give you the papers; you will go out at the back of the palace without attracting attention. You will open the gate and lock it after you. At the other side you find your horse. You will mount the horse and set off for Bayonne. You will find change of horses awaiting you at Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angouleme, Bordeaux and Rion. Where, in detail, you are to look for these horses will be specified in the written instructions which will be given you, since you might forget if I were merely to tell you. And I beg of you, do not spare the horses. Upon reaching Bayonne, you will go at once to the address which you will find in the papers. All of the papers will then be opened and read in your presence, and you will see that the instuctions contained in them are caried out. Do you understand, monsieur?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"And you agree?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thank you, monsieur," and she gave me her hand very prettily. "I knew that I should not call upon you in vain. Adieu, monsieur. When we meet again I hope to be in a position to advance your fortunes."

It wanted but half an hour of 10 o'clock when I returned to the outer room. I was apparently the last one to whom the duchess had instructions to give, for she soon followed me, accompanied by her maid. The room was still crowded and no one showed any disposition to leave. The knowledge that the time for action was not far distant charged the air with excitement, and men looked at men with set lips and shining eyes. There was no mistaking the determination to strike the regency a blow from which it could not recover, and for the first time I began to be really confident of success.

"Where is St. Aulaire?" I heard Mlle. de Launay inquire.

"I did not invite him this evening," answered the duchess. "He knows nothing of our plans."

"'Tis not like him to await an invitation, however," observed the girl. "Brigaut is also still missing, is he not?"

"He has doubtless been detained. He has much to do."

She turned to the courtiers who were crowding around her, when there came a little tumult at the door, and I saw a thin, old man pushing his way through the crowd. At a glance I recognized St. Aulaire.

"Ah, madame," he cried, as he neared the duchess, "the most astonishing things have been happening in Paris this evening. Three or four hours ago, Herault and his men arrested a fellow called Abbe Bri—Bri—I forget the name. Does any one here happen to know the name of a certain adventurer which begins with Bri?" he continued, apepaling to the group about the duchess.

A silence as of death had fallen upon the room. Nearly every man within sound of St. Aulaire's voice knew that the Abbe Brigaut was interested in the conspiracy, and was, indeed, one of the most trusted of Madame du Maine's agents in Paris, but not one of them uttered a word. St. Aulaire found himself looking into faces of stone.

"But of course you do not," he rattled on, after a moment. "No one here would know him. Nevertheless, it is a most amusing story. It seems that this abbe has a secretary, and this secretary, of course, has a mistress. Last night he had an appointment with his mistress, which, it appears, he did not keep—in which he was greatly to blame. This morning he called to make his excuses, and told the girl that his master had kept him awake all night preparing a lot of papers which were to be sent to Spain."

At that word a shiver ran through the listeners, and the duchess became livid. By a supreme effort she smiled.

"Ah, well, monsieur," she said, "continue. We find the story very interesting."

"Well," continued St. Aulaire, who did not often find so attentive an audience and who needed no encouragement to proceed, "the girl, of course, was an agent of Herault. All girls of that class are. It is the price they pay for the protection of the police. So she told a gendarme about the Abbe Brigaut's correspondence with Spain. The gendarme told Herault, Herault told the regent, and there you are. A few hours later a company of guards surrounded the house of this abbe—who, it seems, is not really an abbe, after all—and took him to the Bastille, where he is now comfortably loded. His papers, of course, were carefully gathered up and handed over to Dubois."

"And is that all?" asked the duchess, who had bitten her lips until they were red with blood in the effort to retain her composure.

"No, that is only the beginning," cried St. Aulaire, enjoying immensely the sensation he was creating and little comprehending how profound it was. "It seems that Dubois and the regent found much to interest them in the abbe's papers. It is said at the Palais Royal, where I was but a moment ago, that they discovered proofs of some ridiculous Spanish plot I know not what; but, at any rate, they sent Herault to arrest the Spanish minister, Prince Cellamare himself. There is big game for you! They tell me that he was completely surprised—trust Herault for that—and made no resistance."

St. Aulaire paused from sheer want of breath. Every one was looking into his neighbor's face.

"Gentlemen," said the duchess, in a hard voice, "it seems that we are to be too late. I would recommend that you leave here as quickly as possible, as M. Herault will probably not long delay paying me a visit."

Even as they turned to go there was a tramp of feet at the door, which swung open, giving a glimpse of armed men beyond. But only two men entered. They were Herault and the Marquis d'Ancenis. Without glancing to the right or left, and with an admirable composure, they advanced straight to the duchess along the lane which was opened for them.

"Madame du Maine," said d'Ancenis, bowing, "I regret to inform you that you are under arrest."

"What, captain!" cried the duchess, and I could not but admire the brave manner in which she took the bow, "you dine with me one evening and arrest me the next? Is not that ungallant?"

"'Tis a disagreeable duty, madame," answered d'Ancenis, "but one which must be informed, nevertheless. Let no one leave the room," he added sharply, in a louder tone, hearing a movement behind him. But it was no one trying to escape,—every one seemed too nearly paralyzed to think of that, even had it been possible. It was only the Cardinal de Polignac, intriguer, liar, and arrant coward, who had tumbled in a heap on the floor, completely overcome by terror. He was pushed to one side with a scant ceremony and left to recover as best he might.

"I am at your orders, monsieur," said Madame du Maine, proudly, and d'Ancenis bowed again.

Herault returned to the entrance and ordered in a company of the guards, whom he posted at all the doors, while d'Ancenis prepared to take a list of all the people in the room. This occupied some time, and while it was in progress I again gained the side of Madame du Maine.

"Permit me to compliment you, madame," I said in a low tone, "upon the heroic manner in which you withstand this reverse. It is magnificent."

The duchess looked at me with a smile.

"Perhaps all is not yet lost, monsieur," she said, glancing quickly around to see that no one else could hear.

"Not yet lost?" and I looked at her in amazment. "I do not understand, madame!"

"Can I trust you?" she asked, looking at me a moment. "Yes, I think I can. At four o'clock this afternoon, monsieur, the Duc d'Orleans, accompanied only by three or four gentlemen, left Paris to visit the king at Versailles, to lay before him, I do not doubt, the details of our plans and to get his signature to certain papers which Orleans might himself hesitate to enforce without the royal approval. St. Aullare was mistaken in saying that the regent was in the city this evening."

"What then, madame?" I asked. "I confess that I am still in the dark."

"At nine o'clock this evening the regent was to leave Versailles to return to Paris. Two hours later he will arrive at that part of teh road near St. Cloud where it passes through a strip of woodland. At that point he will disappear. He will enter the woods at one side, but he will never come out at the other. He will vanish as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. It is a detail of the plan of which I am certain the police know nothing, I was arranging a pleasant little surprise for our confederates, for with Orleans out of the way what serious opposition could there be to Philip of Spain? Ah, well, it seems that it is this detail which is to save us, and which may yet make Philip of Spain regent of France. You understand now, monsieur?"

I gazed in amazement at this extraordinary woman, who premitted nothing to stand in the way of her ambition.

"But that is assassination," I gasped at last.

The duchess looked at me cooly.

"Call it what you please, M. de Brancas," she said.

"But, madame, it is something to which no gentleman could consent."

"Do you presume to give me a lesson in honor, monsieur?" she demanded, haughtily, though still preserving the low tone in which the entire conversation had been conducted.

"Oh, madame," I said, "you do not understand. Your standards of honor are different from those of a man. To a woman everything is permitted—almost everything, for even a woman will not break her word if she be honorable."

"And what then, monsieur?" she asked, looking at me in astonishment.

"Simply this, madame," and I gave her look for look: "I do not consent to this assassination."

"You do not consent?" she hissed, her eyes blazing with anger. "And pray who asks you to consent, monsieur? I do not see that it is any concern of yours. Do you mean that you, who prate so prettily of honor, will betray me?"

"No, madame," I answered, I shall not betray you,—not even to save the regent from assassination. What you have told me in confidence I shall tell no one. Only I shall save the regent if I can."

"If you can," she sneered. "That is well said. Unassisted, M. de Brancas, I defy you to save the regent.

I looked at her once again, but said nothing. Then I left her side. D'Ancenis was still busy taking the names of the prisoners. A group of guards lounged at each door. I considered a moment. If I could reach the horse which had been waiting for me since ten o'clock outside the little gate at the back of the palace I might yet be in time to warn the regent. Clearly, that was the only thing to be done, since I could not betray the duchess.

I saundered carelessly toward the group of guards who stood at the entrance of the hall which led to the rear of the building. There were six of them, and they were chatting among themselves. I saw with satisfaction that the hall was dark. I was within three feet of them and still they did not suspect me. I gathered myself for a spring.

"Take care, gentlemen," cried the shrill voice of the duchess, "M. de Brancas is going to escape!"

But she was too late, for even as she spoke, I sprang at the guards, hurled back two that barred the way, and disappeared into the darkness of the hall. They were thrown into confusion for a moment, and in that moment I reached the rear door and felt with joy that it yielded to my touch. As I slammed it after me a fusillade of shots rang out in the hallway, but I was in the court. Blessing the chance which had made me familiar with the place, I hastened toward the little gate, found it, inserted the key in the lock. I heard the door behind me open and a chorus of excited cries.

"There he is!" yelled some one. "He is escaping! Fire!"

But I had the gate open and was in the street beyond. An agony of apprehension seized me. Suppose the horse should not be there. Suppose I should not find it in time. Yes, there it was, stamping its feet impatiently in the darkness. I reached it, and with my sword cut the rope with which it was fastened just as my pursuers poured through the gate into the little street. In an instant I was in the saddle, without taking time to sheathe my sword, and the horse was off like a flash. There was a roar of muskets and I felt a sharp pain in my left shoulder, but my horse kept on and turned the corner into the Rue d'Echelle. I swayed in the saddle, but the shock passed, and in a moment I was riding firmly, my heart leaping at the rapid motion. And I set my teeth together as I determined, come what might, to save the regent.

(To Be Continued.)

Good Example.

Tatler.

Parson—"The pigs do you credit, Michael; I never saw any in better condition."

Mike—"Sure, sir, if we was all of us only as fit to die as they be we'd do."

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6575 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

What time in June should apple trees be trimmed? Will some reader kindly answer this question?—W., Galloway, O.

Will some reader kindly tell me if it is safe to let food stand in an aluminum cooking utensil?—L., Halsey, Oreg.

I would like to have a recipe for tanning skins.—H., Gap, W. Va.

I have a mare that is spavined on both legs. One is a little softer than the other. She is a little lame after driving. Will someone suggest something that will take out the soreness?—M., Hanover, Michigan.

My cow's udder caked before she had a calf and has remained in that condition since. The milk is not lumpy and the udder does not seem sore. What can be done?—B., Medora, Ind.

Will someone tell me how to get rid of little red ants?—F., Clendenin, W. Va.

INSECT PREVENTION

Mrs. S., Bloomington, Ill.: I have found that a whitewash made of lime and buttermilk is a protection against all insects. Try it, and I believe it will give satisfaction.—Mrs. F., Straw Plains, Tenn.

PREVENTION OF GAPES

A., Mt. Nebo, W. Va.: Someone gave you a remedy for gapes. I will give you a preventive. Just simply feed your chickens on clean ground, or, better still, a clean board or pan. Gapes are caused clean, fresh ground keep their roosting The worm is hatched from an egg that is in the droppings of the older chickens, and is picked up by the young ones on the ground. The eggs hatch in the stomach and are then worms. These worms crawl up into the chickens' windpipe and obstruct the air passages and the chicken dies from asphyxia, or from exhausted strength.

If you will keep your young chickens on clean, fresh ground, keep their roosting place clean, keep them dry, give plenty of clean food and pure water in clean vessels, you will never have gapes.—W., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

INCUBATOR CHICKS

Editor Farmstead—In May 19 paper Mrs. C., Spring Creek, Pa., wants to know how to raise and feed incubator chicks. I found the best way to raise them was to have some hens that want to set about the time the chicks are ready to hatch and as soon as they are strong enough put them under an old hen in the evening and by next day they are ready to put in coop as happy as if the hen had hatched them. I prefer the large hens. We have the Plymouth Rock, but any of the large kind will do. I think they are the best mothers. Feed same as any chicks. I tried the brooder and lost nearly all, but had good luck the other way.—Mrs. W., Skidmore, Pa.

POULTRY NOTES

A few drops of camphor in the drinking water will help to ward off bowel trouble in the little chicks.

Never uned any circumstances feed mouldy grain of any kind to the poultry if you want a healthy, vigorous flock.

Don't give the chicks wet, sloppy mashes unless you want them to have bowel trouble. If you must feed a mash, have it crumbly, but never sloppy.

If you are raising ducklings or goslings, remember that they must have water close at hand when feeding, as they always drink as they eat, taking a few mouthfuls of feed and then a sip of water.

GROWING PEANUTS

W. S. Maxwell, writing in the St. Louis Weekly Star and Farmer, tells how to grow peanuts and popcorn for family use. He says:

"We plant both our spring and fall onions in rows three feet apart. We plow and cultivate them well, keeping them free from weeds until about the 10th or 15th of May, at which time a furrow is plowed down the center of these rows. In this furrow Spanish peanuts are planted, two kernels to the hill in hills about 18 inches apart, and covered with a hoe. As soon as they come up I work the dirt from the onions to the peanut vines, keeping all the grass and weeds cleaned out. When the onions mature and are gathered, take a cultivator or plow with two shovels and plow all the space between the rows good and keep making a ridge or hill around the peanuts. We work them enough to keep out grass and you can count on a big crop. I also raise more popcorn than my family uses in the same way, between the cabbage and early Irish potato rows; planting the popcorn when I dig potatoes."

FINDS CAUSE OF WHEAT SICKNESS

After experiments lasting 13 years, Prof. H. L. Boley, of the agricultural college of the University of North Dakota, discoverer of the flax sickness and cure which has rejuvenated the fields of Russia and older parts of the United States, has announced he discovered the five distinct types of parasites which cause the various varieties of wheat sickness.

Fungi Choke Out Crops.

This sickness has made lands seemingly barren throughout the world and is gradually choking the pro rata of crops in the present wheat growing countries. The experiments have been conducted on a plot of land reserved for years at the site of the agricultural college, half a mile west of Fargo.

Professor Boley says the fungi resemble in shape and in reaction on plant life the tuberculosis germs which afflict human life, but that the cure is far easier, being nothing less than a correct rotation of crops, being chiefly clover, corn and potatoes, until tests of land show the absence of the parasitical fungi.

Peril to Bread Supply.

Professor Boley says the five fungi came to afflict the world's soils from the same unknown cause which gave birth to the human tuberculi, and that they were carried by water and wind, especially on blown straw in thrashing time, farther and farther out over the world until they are now threatening to throttle the world's supply of wheat and bread.

HARD ON CHILDREN

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

RAISING OF DRAFT HORSES SUCCESSFULLY

By W. L. Houser.

"When in the morning of the year, the earth sleeps late, the Sun, her Mother, draws the slow sheet from her and she wakes drowsily yet with laughter. And the fragrance of her steamy breath is intoxicating and the loosed streams are world music. And the pale points that cut the mold are whispering millions of June leaves and tented ranks of gold October cornfields. Then the highways the earth's arteries, pulse with rousing life and up and down their length

Demand for Animals Such as These is Constant.

More and more the "jack-of-all-trades" is being discounted. This is the era of specilization—the doing of one thing especially well. Man and animal alike must be so trained and so constructed, respectively, as to do one thing better than the average man or to produce more of one thing than the average animal of its kind. The race horse is fitted for speed; its muscles are developed where they are most efficient. The draft horse is used for power, and naturally its muscles must be constructed for that purpose. You lose both power and speed, therefore, when the blood of draft horses and race horses is combined. Many times the first cross is desirable, but after that weakness results.

comes the masterful call that has moved men's hearts since ways were made; the call of the road. For around the turn of the road is that which we most desire, and ever the road turns. And that which can carry a man closest to his heart's desire, so close that, though he may not touch it he may feel the gladness of it, is a horse. So if a man's heart be heavy, let him ride a horse in the springtime and the keen joyfulness of the hunt shall enter him and his cares fall from him. For the gentle jostling of a horse's movements drives away small worries and makes a way by which peace enters the soul."

There is some sentiment in this quotation. There ought to be a great deal of sentiment in all that we do.

I breed and raise draft horses for two objects—pleasure and profit. If I had to get along in this business without enjoying any pleasure in doing it, I would quit it. Of course it goes without saying that if I had to get along without the other essential I would have to quit the business. And I want to lay down this proposition as a maxim: If a man gets no pleasure out of a vocation or business he will get mighty little profit out of it. The pleasure is in achieving success, in producing horses of superior excellence, in making a business a blessing to the community, in demonstrating results of scientific breeding and skillful handling, in raising the standard of your own efforts and in leading others to higher aspirations. I had rather have the distinction of breeding, raising, feeding and fitting an International champion than the honor of a high office. And my achievement would be worth as much to the great producing class of people—yea, more—than is the achievement of some so-called statesmen who cannot see above their environment far enough to realize the dignity and importance of the American farmers and breeders.

To handle the brood mares and stallions, to feed and develop the progeny—in short, to direct and manage the delicate problem of the mystery of life, to get good results from the law of heredity; to mate and manage, to grow and groom so as to reach the best results—calls for intelligence, study, skill, patience, persistency. No bungler can do it. It takes a man who is too good to be a lawyer, doctor, preacher or professor to do it, rather than one who doesn't know enough to qualify him to enter the lists of these professions.

To know what is a good horse is alone a great accomplishment. Few breeders even are first rate good judges. They see excellence in their own animals when they ought to see faults and strive to correct them. A man must rise above narrow things if he would be a leader and a successful breeder.

High prices of horses is a great inducement to farmers to breed every mare that will raise a colt. Too often they are unsound, and in many other ways unsuitable for profitable brood mares. While the market will take nearly anything that has hide and hair and pay a relatively high price for it, yet it is inevitable that sooner or later cheap horses will bring low prices, prices below the cost of production. It is equally conclusive that high class horses will continue to command profitable prices. Therefore breed sound, symmetrical mares to sound, symmetrical stallions, and colts of like character will be the result, as a rule. There will be exceptions.

Breed draft mares to draft stallions. The pinnacle of foolishness is reached by the man who breeds a thousand-pound road mare to a ton stallion, or vice versa, expecting both draft and road qualities in the progeny. The inevitable result is mediocrity, nothing to breed to and almost nothing to sell.

I believe in breeding in line, also. That is, if I have a good grade or pure-bred Clydesdale mare, I should certainly find the very best Clydesdale stallion I could reach to breed her to, and I would go a long distance to find the best one. So also of Percheron, French Draft or Belgians.

This does not mean necessarily that you could not get a good colt from a grade Percheron mare and a Clydesdale stallion. Some of the very best draft colts I have ever seen have resulted from this cross, but then you are done. It is uncertain what crossing of this kind, if continued beyond the first cross, will produce. I had rather breed in line, getting high-grade mares and geldings of one of the breeds—the one I liked best.

I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of using pure-bred sires that are sound and of excellent conformation. The breeder cannot be too particular in this regard. "Like begets like." An unsound stallion will likely beget an unsound colt. Shy away from him, seek a good one, a sound one, don't let a few dollars in service fee or an unreasonable warranty induce you to use an inferior or unsound stallion.

The market demands a drafter that weighs 1600 to 1800 pounds; therefore you must stint your mares to a stallion that hovers about the ton mark. He should be alert, good style, symmetrical in body, color is not very important, of clean, flinty bone, good feet, and should go with a springiness and straight ahead. Discard the sluggish, awkward stallion, the big-headed, pig-eyed, slouchy one. It should be the object of the breeder to improve his stock of horses. However good your mare may be, try to find a stallion of greater excellence. You cannot be too particular about choosing a sire.

When you breed your mare return her regularly to the stallion until she is safe in foal. Care in this respect may avoid great disappointment the next spring when you discover your mare is not in foal. You cannot be too particular about this. Every mare, except one, on our farm is in foal, the result of our overparticularity in this regard.

The mare may be used at farm work during the period of pregnancy, avoiding pulling or slipping on ice, or other severe strains. She should be fed liberally on oats, bran and good, clean hay. I feed my brood mares ensilage every day during the winter and am much pleased with it as a food.

Before the date when the little colt should come prepare a roomy box stall. Disinfect it, bed it with clean straw a-plenty, and let the mare get used to her new surroundings. It is well to keep pretty close watch of the mare at foaling time. You may save the colt by a little help.

After it comes it may need a little assistance to get the first milk from the mother. Not usually, but sometimes, that is the case, and you can well afford to give the help. Thoroughly disinfect the navel cord and do it frequently until it is healed. The greatest loss among young foals is due to the so-called navel disease, which results in dullness, swollen joints and usually death.

Feed the mare liberally while she is raising the colt. Oats and bran and pasture are the best feeds. The colt will learn to eat some oats and bran at an early age, if you will give him a chance, and will do well as a result. If you must work the mare, keep the colt in the barn during the day, letting it go to the mother three or four times during the day if possible.

I like to wean my colts at about four months of age. If they have been taught to eat grain they will make the shift without any loss of flesh or impairment of the growth. A little cow's milk, skim milk, is good, helps amazingly to keep the colt going ahead at this time. Feed liberally of oats and bran, about all the colt will eat, and keep him going in this way until he is a year old, when he should be thrifty and strong, weighing from 850 to 1,000 pounds. He will not be much trouble after that time.

One important matter that should not be neglected is the care of the colt's feet. Keep them level; you may prevent a blemish by doing so. Broken, uneven feet cause a strain and a side bone is not unlikely to be the result, as well as crooked and crocked ankles.

It is easier to keep a colt that is in good flesh than it is to maintain a thin or a poor one and then they look much better. I like to see them thrifty, in smooth flesh, and at all times improving. It is the way to get good ones. Start right, keep going that way and you will come out all right.

MODIFICATION OF THE CATTLE QUARANTINE

The secretary of agriculture has issued an order, effective April 1, releasing from the federal quarantine for Texas fever or tick fever of cattle, certain areas amounting to over 48,000 square miles. This action is taken as a result of the good progress made in the extermination of ticks which spread the disease.

The territory released is as follows:

In California, the counties of Fresno, Tulare, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside and a portion of San Luis Obispo county.

In Texas, the counties of Borden, Glasscock, Upton, Crane and portions of the counties of Pecos and Terrell. Privilege for movement on inspection from the counties of Wilbarger, Baylor and portions of the counties of Hardeman, Foard, Knox and Haskell is revoked.

In Oklahoma, portions of the counties of Noble, Payne, Cleveland and Jackson. Privilege for movement on inspection is provided for portions of the counties of Lincoln, Cleveland, Caddo and Jackson, and revoked for a portion of Kay county.

In Arkansas, the counties of Benton and Washington.

In Mississippi, the counties of De Soto, Tate and Tunica.

In Tennessee, the counties of Bradley and James.

In Georgia, the counties of White, Habersham and Stevens.

In Virginia, Brunswick county.

The total territory freed of ticks and released from quarantine since the beginning of the work of tick eradication in 1906 aggregates about 130,000 square miles, or an area nearly half the size of the state of Texas.

The recent order also prescribes regulations for the territory remaining in quarantine. Copies of this order may be obtained on application to the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

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The complete system will then be shipped to you, all charges prepaid, with 100 pieces of music. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50, and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. State number of white keys on your piano or organ. Address

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When it arrives — try it — every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim — one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5 — send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision — every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey, fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—and absolutely pure to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

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Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
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There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses and while we feel sure that our Fels 3-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove by drinking it, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be, and above all has real whiskey strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free, we would be flooded with requests by unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Here is our offer:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $3 express prepaid. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles of whiskey, sample them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you may return the remaining 8 bottles to us, keep the extra bottle and we will immediately return your $3.45. If you like it, send us $2.95 for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include the test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect after testing, you can notify us at any price return to us the 8 bottles, keep the test bottle and we will refund your $2.95. With each order we give a free Gold Thumb Screw and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the fancy prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We want to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3 Star Whiskey has no equal, four quart bottles are full 12-ounce quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $500,000.00. If you have real whiskey and not weak, watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition, that will prove more than we can write. Make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or

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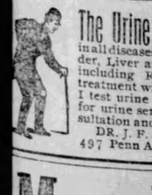

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Following Roosevelt

One amazing result of Mr. Roosevelt's tour is that one week of the whirl has made the London Times' correspondent light-hearted. He has sent his paper this grimly humorous dispatch:

"It is one week since I joined Mr. Roosevelt's expedition—it seems many a year. For the correspondents who have followed him from Gondokoro time has long since ceased to have any meaning. Since February 28, they have toiled after the Colonel in heat and dust, have risen at 5, after working till 2. They can only trust the telegraph office to know the name of the place, the month, and the date, for they are no longer certain of any of these things. They wander in a kind of a dream. Personally, after one week I have begun to doubt the glamour of a fireman's life. Waiting to jump for a motor car when the alarm may be given—in two minutes, in half hour, or not at all—is more wearing even than waiting for a flying man to fly.

"This is indeed a singular adventure upon which we are engaged. It is useless to pretend that it is not a royal progress, for what further marks of distinction could any sovereign receive than to travel in royal trains, to dwell in king's houses, to be welcomed by kings, queens, and princes, to drive in state carriages amid flags and cheering crowds, and to have the yards of warships manned for him?

"And it is not only the ex-president who is honored as if he were a reigning monarch. Mrs. Roosevelt with her charm of quiet dignity, attractive son and daughter are honored too.

"The whole affair is quite unique. One is constantly wondering what it all means."

As They See Us.

Detroit News-Tribune.

The Boston bank clerk was seated in the chair of examination with the measurement clamp encircling his head.

The first spectacled professor opened up his record book and unleashed his fountain pen.

The second professor, also spectacled and largely bald, seized the gauge and applied it to the young man's cranial bumps.

"Seven-two-three," he called. "Check and repeat back."

"Seven-two-three," the first professor repeated.

"Nine-eight-four."

"Nine-eight-four."

"Seven-eleven."

The first professor looked up. The second professor caught the gleam of his spectacled eye. He joined him and they whispered together.

"Abnormal," murmured the first professor.

"But with a diminishing subconscious tendency of the ego."

"True. Proceed."

"Twelve-one-nine." Wait. Take the aggregate impediments. Thirty-six."

The second professor laid aside the gauge.

"Add and strike the average," he said.

A moment later the first professor looked up and beckoned to his confrere. Then he pointed to the record. The second professor leaned over and looked at the figures long and earnestly. Then he went to the side door and opened it. A distinguished looking gentleman with faded side whiskers entered. It was the president of the bank, a member of one of Boston's leading families.

"Mr. Hoolihan," said the first professor, "does this young man handle any of your cash?"

"He handles a great deal of it," replied the president.

"Then transfer him to the bookkeeping department," said the second professor.

And thus ended the first psychological test for Boston bank clerks.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

KING GEORGE

Please give the life of the new king of England and tell me whether he was ever married to any one else beside his present wife.—T. S., Springfield, Mo.

George Frederick Ernest Albert, king of England, was born June 3, 1865, July 6, 1893, he married the present queen of England. When a boy, George did not receive his education in universities, but was under a private tutor. No efforts were made to bring him up with the view that he would some day ascend to the throne, for he was only the second son of the king. But in 1892 the elder son died, leaving George as heir to the throne. Most of his boyhood he spent in training for the sea, which life he followed for some time. It has been said that George had another wife before he was married to the present one. The story runs that he was secretly wedded in 1891 to the niece of Vice Admiral Tryon, of the British navy. The wedding took place in the English church in Malta. The couple lived together openly at Malta and had two children. But this marriage was contrary to all custom, for members of the royal family are forbidden by law to marry commoners. According to another story, the morganatic wife was the daughter of a British naval officer who later became Admiral Seymour.

CHILDREN'S DAY

Please tell what you can about the origin of Children's day.—M. L., Prattville, Mich.

The observance of Children's day as a church festival dates back to the year 1860. It originated with Unitarians in June of that year, and was observed as an exclusively floral service. The children brought floral offerings, and arranged them attractively in the churches. The pastors of these churches preached sermons adapted to the children, and all the exercises of the day were conducted in their interest. In 1862 the Baptist church adopted the custom, adding thereto the idea of instruction in the duty of Christian giving to the church benevolences. In connection with the floral offerings and musical exercises, the children were taught the duty, as well as privilege, of aiding in the support of the various benevolent objects of the church. Shortly after, the Presbyterian church began the celebration of the day, with no substantial variation in the custom as observed by the Baptists, except to give it greater prominence as a distinctively children's affair, by enlisting the little folks in recitations, dialogues and musical exercises.

It remained for the Methodist Episcopal church to bring it to its highest point of efficiency. In development of the idea, this central centenary committee, in November, 1865, proposed to found a children's educational fund, as a branch of the general fund, to be largely endowed by the offerings of children themselves, who might in time receive its benefits in securing an education. The committee issued an address to Sunday school superintendents all over the land urging its importance and feasibility. The following extract will show the wisdom of the project: "It must have occurred to you that there now exists no link binding academies and colleges to our Sunday schools. Many of our institutions are unknown to our schools. May not the plan proposed be the providential one to connect the religious and intellectual systems of education in our church? And, further, we do not find so often raised in Sunday school conventions, 'What shall be done to save our older scholars to the church?' We have, in round numbers, a million of Sunday school scholars. Is it too high a mark to suppose that by proper efforts they will raise an average of a dollar each? May not a million of children contribute and collect a million of dollars? The honor of Methodism is in your keeping. Speak the word, and little hands and hearts shall be employed in the great centenary offering. Inscribe on your banner, 'A dollar for every child; a million for the children's monument.'"

This recommendation of the committee met with general favor. In the outcome of the centenary efforts of 1866, it was found that the children had contributed to their educational funds the sum of $60,674.40. This children's educational fund did grand service, using the language of our discipline, in aiding "meritorious Sunday school scholars in obtaining a more advanced education."

The claims on this fund increased so rapidly with the multiplication of Sunday schools, and the growing needs of the church for Christian workers, a plan was adopted for the increase of this fund. It was thought advisable to take a collection for this fund in our Sunday schools on a given day every year. The first official notice of it appears in the discipline of 1868, in these words:

"We further recommend that efforts be made through the Sabbath schools of the church to augment the children's fund. We recommend that the second Sabbath in the month of June be annually observed as the children's day; and that in each Sabbath school we attempt the collection of an average of 5 cents for each child enrolled."

In 1872 the following rule of the church was enacted, as it now stands in paragraph 262 of the discipline: "Sec. 6. It is recommended that the second Sunday in June be everywhere observed as Children's day, and that wherever practicable a collection be taken in the Sunday school fund of the board of education." One of the happiest inspirations that was ever vouchsafed to a church was that which prompted the authorities to institute a children's educational fund. In 1884 the general conference emphasized its formed rule by the following action: "Resolved, that we request all our ministers, churches and Sunday schools from this time forward to enter heartily into the observance of Children's day on the plan originally proposed and distinctly defined in the discipline of the church." The one use to which the Sunday school fund and its proceeds are applied is to aid worthy children from our Sunday schools in acquiring a higher education in the literary and theological schools of our church. By this silent yet efficient action of the fund more than 3,000 such persons have been aided within the last 12 years to an amount of nearly $350,000.

THE PANAMA CANAL

Please tell something concerning the Panama canal.—S. R., Paris Crossing, Ind.

Not many months have elapsed since we gave in these columns a sketch of the Panama canal from its early conception.

The Spanish-American war aroused the interest of America in an interoceanic waterway. Going on the results of the commission which had reported in 1876 attention was turned to the Nicaragua project, the Panama canal seeming out of the question. A new commission appointed by President McKinley in 1899 also reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, being induced to do so by the prohibitive price first set by the French company on its franchise and property in Panama. But a supplementary report in favor of the Panama canal followed the offer of the French company to sell for $40,000,000, the valuation set by the American commissioners.

The title of the French company was first investigated, and the United States accepted the offer of the company to sell for $40,000,000 on the condition that terms could be made with Colombia. The Hay-Herran treaty was signed by representatives of the two governments after long delay; was sent to the senate for ratification in January, 1903; was successfully opposed by Senator Morgan and his followers through the session of the 57th congress, and was passed upon favorably March 18, in special session, after a debate lasting a fortnight. This treaty arranged for the payment of $10,000,000 for the concessions, a payment of $250,000 per annum beginning in the tenth year after the ratification of the treaty, and in return a lease of the canal for 100 years, at the pleasure of the United States. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty had previously been revoked and superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, so that Great Britain allowed the right of the United States to build and police the canal alone. But this did not remove all obstacles for the Colombia congress now refused to ratify the treaty which had been signed by its representatives in Washington. This obstacle was removed November 3, 1903, by the declaration of the independence of the republic of Panama, which immediately sent one member of its provisional junta to Washington, where, November 18, the Hay-Varilla treaty was signed. This treaty was ratified in Panama December 2, 1903.

Not until June 21, 1906, was it decided whether the proposed canal should be a lock or sea level, the senate at that time deciding in favor of the former.

The general type of canal proposed is to form a summit level about 85 feet above the sea, which is to be reached by a flight of locks located at Gatun, on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel, with two others at La Boca, on the Pacific side; the locks are all to be in duplicate. The summit level will be formed by the construction of a large dam at Gatun, and a small one at Pedro Miguel, second lake with a surface elevation of 55 feet, will be formed on the Pacific side between Pedro Miguel and Panama bay by the construction of a dam at La Boca, across the mouth of the Rio Grande, and another dam between Sosa Hill and Flat ground near Corozal. The Colon section is from the Caribbean sea to the mouth of the Mindi river, where a channel is to be excavated, having a bottom width of 500 feet and a depth of 42 feet below mean tide. The Gatun locks are to be built in duplicate—that is, there are to be two sets of locks, side by side. The lift will be overcome by a flight of three locks of 28 1-3 feet ordinary lift each, or a flight of two locks of 42½ feet lift each. Neither the details of their construction nor their exact location has yet been definitely fixed.

The area of Gatun dam will be about 110 square miles. It will have a height of about 135 feet above sea level. The width on top is to be 100 feet. Its length will be about 7,700 feet, and the width at the bottom about 2,625 feet. From the Gatun locks to San Pablo, a distance of about 15½ miles, the width of the channel will be at least 1,000 feet. The depth is to be 45 feet. Further up the lake the width of the channel will be decreased, first to 800 feet for a distance of 3.86 miles, from near San Pablo to Juan Grande; then to 500 feet from Bohio to Las Cascades, a distance of 1.55 miles, where will begin the Culebra cut section, a distance of 4.7 miles, the width of the canal will be 200 feet. This is the heaviest portion of the work. From near Paraiso, the end of the Culebra cut, to the Pedro Miguel lock, a distance of 1.88 miles, the canal will have a width of 300 feet. The Pedro Miguel lock will have a lift of 30 feet. It will be in duplicate, and will have approach walls constructed at each end. The details of the lock have not yet been determined. From Pedro Miguel lock the channel will have a width of 500 feet for a distance of 1.87 miles. It will then increase to 1,000 or more for a distance of 3.61 miles to near Sora Hill, on the shore of Panama bay, where the Sora locks will be located. From Sora locks to deep water in the Panama bay, a distance of about four miles, the channel is to have a depth of 50 feet below mean tide. The mean rise and fall of the tide is about 15 feet, but it may reach as much as 23 feet.

TEA

Will you please tell how tea is prepared for the market?—J. L. H., Sherwood, Va.

The tea plant, in its wild state, is a bushy shrub and sometimes a small tree, but in cultivation is kept dwarf by pruning. The plant blooms in November, and the seeds are ripe by the next autumn; these, kept in sand till the following spring, are sown in a seed bed, or in rows where the plants are to grow. the plants stand from four to five feet apart each way. The plants yield a small picking in their third year and attain their maximum yield in the eighth or tenth. The quality of the tea depends largely upon the age of the leaves at the time of picking; the younger the leaves the more delicate the flavor and, of course, the smaller the yield. The earliest picking, the first of April, consists of the very young leaves; a second gathering at the end of April or the first of May consists of more developed leaves, and is the most important crop; an inferior quality of leaf is gathered in July. The picker has a basket slung by a cord around his neck, to have both hands at liberty; he holds the shoot with one hand and breaks off the bade of the leaf with the other, for, except in the earliest picking of the very young leaves, no portion of the petiole or leaf stalk must be gathered with the finer kinds of tea. If left in large masses, so that heating or natural fermentation takes place, the leaves are greatly injured. Great care is taken to prevent this. The leaves are put in shallow baskets, exposed to the sun and air, which withers and slightly dries them; then placed in small quantities in a shallow copper or wire pan heated by charcoal or other fuel, and rapidly stirred; at the proper moment they are swept out into the other vessel or upon a table where other workmen rub them between their hands in order to roll them into the form which they finally retain; exposure to the air and a final treating complete the process with some teas, while with others there are several heatings, alternated with airings; the choice teas are spread upon a table to be assorted before packing, all imperfectly rolled leaves being removed and the dust and fine fragments being sifted out. The chest with its leaden lining being ready, one barefooted laborer gets into it, and another gradually pours in the leaves, which the first treads down firmly. If the process of drying is completed as rapidly as possible after picking, the tea remains green

THE CABINET

Will you give the names of the members of the present cabinet and also that of the vice president of the United States?—J. H. L., Oak Harbor, Ohio.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham, of New York, postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of interior, Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa, secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

The vice president of the United States is James S. Sherman.

THE ZODIAC

Please give me some information about the signs of the zodiac.—J. H., Ryan, Ky.

The earliest astronomers, who were probably the shepherds and herdsmen of the old Sumerian civilization, noted that the sun appeared to make the circuit of the heavens in one year. This is merely an appearance, due to the revolution of the earth around the sun every twelve-month. So they divided the belt of sky through which he appeared to travel into twelve divisions, one for each month of the year; and the stars in each division, or constellation, was named for something which they fancied its shape indicated; as, Aries, the ram; Taurus, the bull; and so on. This belt of twelve constellations is called the zodiac, from the Greek word zoon, an animal. Various superstitions gradually grew up; among them, that each part of the body was under the influence of a certain constellation, or sign, and that when the sun or moon was in that sign, or constellation, it influenced that part of the body. No sensible person believes any of this old-time superstition that the position of the heavenly bodies in these constellations affect either the body or plant life.

PAUL L. DUNBAR

Please give a short sketch of the life of Paul Dunbar, the negro poet.—K. V., South Bend, Ind.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the American author, was born of negro parents, at Dayton, O., June 27, 1872. In 1891 he was graduated from the high school at Dayton, and after that he devoted himself to literature and journalism. He was placed on the staff of the librarian of congress in 1898. Dunbar died in 1906.

BENJ. B. LINDSEY

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Benj. B. Lindsey?—F. J. L., Belding, Mich., and H. A. P., Sandy Lake, Pa.

Benjamin Barr Lindsey, the jurist, was born November 25, 1869, in Jackson, Tenn. He received public school education, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He is still unmarried. He has been judge of the county court and of the juvenile court in Denver since 1900. Lindsey is the originator of the juvenile court system and has attained an international reputation as an authority on juvenile delinquency. He has had several laws passed in his state which have to do with juvenile behavior. He was also candidate for governor of Colorado in 1906.

FINANCIAL PANICS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give a history of the great financial panics this country has endured.—M. H. H., Upper Tract, W. Va.

The recurrence of financial panics in the United States shows a certain periodicity. The years 1812, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1884, 1893 and 1907 have witnessed commercial crises. The war of 1812 was followed by a rise in prices, followed by money stringency and large declines. This was brought about partly by calls of the government on the Bank of the United States for funds to meet $7,500,000 of maturing stock of the issue that had furnished funds to pay for the territory of Louisiana. This compelled the bank largely to reduce its discounts. The panic of 1837 was due to speculation in western lands, the sales of which, in 26 months, amounted to $41,000,000. This speculative fever had been aided by the deposit of government funds in state banks. The specie circular of the government requiring payments for lands to be made in coin caused many of these banks to suspend, and the crisis was precipitated. Specie payments were suspended in May, 1837, by all banks except the State Bank of Missouri. Specie was worth a premium of about 12 per cent. Specie payments were resumed on April 16, 1838, by three Boston banks, and in the next month they were generally resumed. The next suspension of specie payment took place in October, 1857, but in 60 days it was again resumed. The drain of the civil war caused the suspension of specie payments by the government, as well as by the banks, on December 30, 1861, but this suspension was not accompanied by a panic. Specie payments were not resumed until January 1, 1879. The crisis of 1873 was due principally to excessive railroad building. In New York the panic was so great that the New York Stock Exchange was for 12 days closed for business. The banks suspended currency payments, but after 40 days they again resumed. The assassination of President Garfield, July 2, 1881, was the date of the beginning of a decline in prices, which continued with occasional reactions, until May, 1884, when another panic set in. Money rose to three per cent per day and stocks dropped rapidly, but rates for money soon declined to more moderate figures. In 1886 business was slowly recovering. The silver craze is given by some as the cause of the panic in 1893; by others it is attributed to fear of changes in the tariff by the Democrats. Many causes have been given for last year's panic. It had its origin in New York financial circles.

HENRY C. CORBIN

Can you please give me a biography of Henry C., Corbin?—N. M., Hazel, Va.

Henry Clark Corbin, the American soldier, was born September 15, 1842. He was educated in the common schools, studied law, and entered the army in 1862 as a second lieutenant of volunteers. During the progress of the civil war he received rapid promotion until 1866 when he left the army with the brevet of brigadier general of volunteers. He was then commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army and the same year was made a captain. Until 1876 he was continually in command of his company on the western frontier in campaigns against the hostile Indians. At the opening of the Spanish war he was adjutant general of the army. During this war Corbin was frequently consulted by President McKinley in regard to military affairs. Corbin also had charge of the organizing of the American armies during this war. In recognition of his services and the part which he took in the war, congress conferred on him the rank of major general of the army of the United States.

W. T. SHERMAN

Please tell all you can about the life of General W. T. Sherman.—F. M., Hazel, Va.

W. T. Sherman, an American general, was born in Ohio, 1818, educated for the army at West Point, and received a commission as first lieutenant in 1841. During the war with Mexico he was promoted to the rank of captain. In 1860, at the commencement of the war, he offered his services to the federal government, and was appointed colonel of infantry. Raised to the rank of brigadier general, he succeeded Gen. Anderson in the department of Ohio, from which he was removed for declaring it would require 200,000 men to hold Kentucky. He distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh, and as major general in the siege of Vicksburg. Raised to an independent command, he marched across the state of Mississippi and took command of the army of Georgia, forced Hood to evacuate Atlanta and captured Charlestown and Savannah, from which he moved north, and by cutting off the resources of Gen. Lee, compelled the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of Lee to Grant, April 9, 1865. The surrender of the army of Gen. Johnston to Gen. Sherman, in North Carolina a few days later, and that of Gen. Smith, west of Mississippi, closed the war. No northern general has acquired greater popularity than Sherman. Sherman was appointed lieutenant general in 1866, and in 1869 became commander-in-chief. He has had ample justice done to the dariner originality of design, the fertility of resource, the brilliant strategy, and untiring energy that made General Grant pronounce him "the best field officer the war had produced."

MISCELLANEOUS

S. J. C., Benton, Ky.: What most people take for shooting stars are nothing more than meteorites.

E. T., Edmore, Mich.: In a recent article in this column we said papyrus was first used 24,000 B. C. It should have been 2,400 B. C.

A Mexican Hero's Sacrifice

New York Times.

TINE host of the Latin-American cafe below Fourteenth street has forgotten Sonora, the Mexican state where he was born. His comments on men and events there are always worth while.

A few evenings ago he glanced thoughtfully over a newspaper clipping that some one had handed him. It briefly stated that President Diaz had attended a memorial meeting in Mexico city the night before. The occasion was the anniversary of the death of "Jesus," a locomotive engineer, who saved the Sonora village of Nacozari at the cost of his own life.

"Yes, my friend, it is true," he remarked simply. "I was in Nacozari when this thing happened. He gave his life to save the pueblo, and, you see, his deed has not been forgotten."

"Who was he?" asked a regular patron, who had lingered by the desk.

"Nobody knows, Senor. Many years ago the good padre found a baby lying upon the steps of the church and christened him Jesus. That may seem strange to an American, but among my people it is the name we love best. Later the boy called himself Garcia.

"When the new railroad from El Paso was being built he worked on the grade as a laborer. They made him a fireman and then an engineer. There is good money in that, even for a Mexican. He earned $100, gold, a month—five times as much as the peons with whom he had once worked. Life was worth living for Jesus, senor."

"Yes, but the story. What happened?"

"Good! I will tell you. Early one morning three years ago Jesus received orders from the superintendent of the division to go to Nacozari. He was to take a car of dynamite and giant powder to a spur about three miles out of town. It belonged to some American contractors who were building a branch road.

The switching yards are at the further end of the town. He found his engine and got the powder car coupled on. It should have been safe and easy to run it out to the spur and sidetrack it, but the Mexican yardmaster said that he must also take a flat car loaded with laborers. Jesus told him the gunpowder was dangerous; it might explode, and why should the lives of these men be risked? The yardmaster laughed, but he remembers the words of Jesus Garcia today, senor.

"It took some time to get the men together. When they started a passenger train was also ready to leave the station, which is in the middle of the pueblo. Jesus took his engine by safely, but at that moment the fireman on the other engine commenced to stoke fresh coal into his firebox. The smokestack belched out a cloud of cinders and smoke. It was an old-fashioned engine and live coals were driven through the screen. They fell on the roof of the powder car and rapped against the windows of Jesus Garcia's cab."

"Yes," prompted the other softly. Mine host had stopped and was staring at the pedestrians hurrying along the street.

"They say that people are incapable of the highest self-sacrifice," he went on, "but this is just what Jesus did:

"He knew that the sparks would soon penetrate the roof of the car and reach the giant powder inside. Then, pouf! there would be no flat car of laborers, no passenger train, no pueblo of Nacozari except a crumbling heap of adobe walls. Still it might take several seconds for it to happen. The best way to save his own life would have been to desert the engine and run. He had a good chance to escape.

"But Jesus turned to his fireman and ordered him to jump for his life, he yelled to the brakeman further down to uncouple the flat car. The fury in his voice made these men obey him without question, though they did not know the danger that threatened them. Then Jesus threw the throttle of his engine wide open. He left the cab, and seizing a shovel fed coal into the firebox like a man bereft of his senses. This the fireman saw him do before he leaped, and it is the last picture we have seen of Jesus Garcia. No human eyes beheld him again.

The engine bounded forward at a speed that must have been 70 miles an hour. I saw it go by and it seemed as though the wheels were leaving tracks and crashing down again at every lurch.

"Just one minute later we heard the great explosion. It sounded as if it had happened in the next street but no harm was done. The tons of dynamite and gunpowder were already more than a mile out of town. Only one life was lost. We were not even able to give his body Christian burial, senor, for there was no body to be found.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, June 2.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

FATE OF BRITISH HORSES

Terrible Cruelties That Are Revealed by a Booklet.

Correspondence New York Times,

For more than a year the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been actively engaged in exposing the cruelties to which aged, decrepit, and maimed English horses are exposed in Holland and Belgium, whither they are sent to be used as food. The society, in order to incite prohibitory legislation on the subject, has now published a booklet compiled by its secretary, E. G. Fairholme.

The number of useless horses annually exported to the continent has risen from 24,198 in 1904, to 47,896 in 1910. "The reason why the exportation of horses to Holland and Belgium is so large," Mr. Fairholme states, "is because of the scarcity of meat in those two countries, and the imperative necessity for the poorer classes to have cheap animal food."

The argument is often used that it has nothing to do with people of Great Britain if their foreign neighbors consent to eat flesh of diseased animals. Mr. Fairholme destroys it by a process of reasoning which is as disturbing to the English mind as it is simple: "I would remind my readers that there is an enormous trade in the importation of sausages, soups, etc., from the Continent. I do not for a moment suggest that all manufactured foodstuffs sent over are made from horseflesh, but in connection with this one pauses to wonder, without attempting to introduce the levity with which this heartrending traffic is sometimes treated, whether some of our discarded servants are not really returned to this country in the shape of sausages, etc."

Those smug Englishmen who believe they have seen the last of their wornout horses when the animals disappear over the ship's side may therefore be mistaken.

Mr. Fairholme describes a trip to Antwerp, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, where he watched the traffic in old and wornout horses. Sickening sights were seen on the Antwerp quay when the English boats arrived. One horse had an enormously swollen "greasy" leg, the foot in most filthy condition, crawling with magots and seething with corruption; another was propped between two other animals; a third wore a curious shoe, like the upturned end of a gondola, to enable him to walk only on the toe. The dismal processions occupied three hours in jorruneying four and a half miles.

"The trade," he concludes, "has assumed a national character, and as such should be under direct supervision of the reasonable government department—the board of agriculture."

Program of English Laborites.

The Spectator.

May Day in London was the occasion of a labor demonstration in Hyde Park which was more imposing than usual. About 8,000 persons marched from the Embankment with bands and banners, and some 2,000 children were brought in brakes by the Socialist Sunday School Union. Messrs. Herbert Burrows, Ben Tillett and Victor Grayson were the chief speakers. The resolution carried simultaneously at all the platforms demanded "free maintenance of all children in the national schools, the organization of unemployed labor on useful and productive work, an eight-hour working day, such amendment of the old age pension act as will secure adequate pensions for the aged and incapable, universal adult suffrage, payment of members and election expenses, and proportional representation." The inclusion of proportional representation in a resolution of this kind is very interesting and marks the rapid progress which the idea of this most desirable reform is making.

Woman Who Didn't Know Money.

Boston Post.

A sick nurse in a Vienna hospital administered by nuns was observed burning up a bunch of paper money which she had found in the bed of a deceased patient.

She thought the bank notes were rubbish, and it took the authority of the mother superior to convince her that the rubbish represented a small fortune.

Subsequently it turned out that the sister, who had lived in the nunnery since her third year, never went outside and had nothing to do with the administration or with worldly things whatsoever, had never heard of the existence or use of money in any shape or form.

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by *Bad Bowels*—No difference. Constipation and *dead* liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—*CASCARETS* regulate—*cure* Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use *CASCARETS*, Life Saver!

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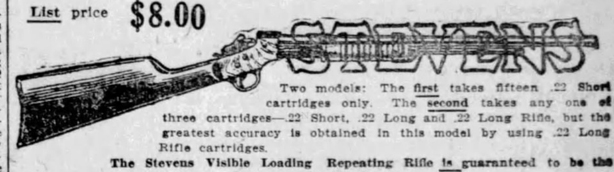

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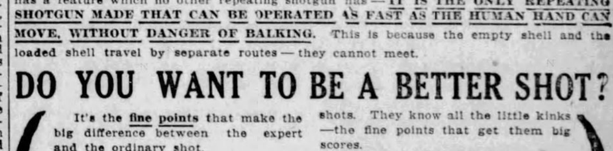

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

It is said that Kansas now leads the country in the production of Missouri mules.

Superstitious people fear that they will not be here when the comet returns in 1985.

The fact that a horsethief may be technically innocent doesn't make him a good citizen.

The man who always says something interesting is never accused of talking too much.

King Edward's funeral seems to have been one of the most successful ever held in England.

The Methodist Episcopal church, South, has voted to drop the word "South." The war is over.

It is fortunate for King Alfonso that his people do not understand the art of manufacturing first-class bombs.

King Edward's last words are becoming so numerous that they may have to be published in book form.

The scientist who says that early rising is detrimental to health is pretty sure to have a lot of ardent admirers.

It is announced that Vice President Sherman intends to talk tariff all summer. Can that be his idea of a vacation?

A Tennessee farmer made a noise like a squirrel to fool the hunter. And the hunter made a noise like an undertaker.

Wilbur Wright declines to marry because he fears that his wife might insist that he give up flying and settle down.

While at the depot Emperor William is reported to have kissed King George three times. That is a pretty good batting average.

Speaking of hard luck, there is the New Jersey man who was struck by an automobile while stooping to pick up a horseshoe.

The new queen of England is said to dislike Americans. But then she hasn't been a queen long enough to get acquainted with us.

Sir Ernest Shackleton got within a short distance of the South Pole. Then he turned back, but not for the purpose of lecturing.

A French scientist has discovered a new disease, which is called mistakotrepsomania, but we doubt if it will ever become popular.

While the comet is not having as brilliant a finish as may have anticipated, we can be thankful that it did not execute a dull thud.

"Libitinarians," "necrothaptes," or "tericheutes" are the names a college professor suggests for undertakers. All in favor of the motion say aye.

What a lot of moonlight nights there must have been in the lives of the Connecticut couple who went through a courtship lasting 50 years.

Since purchasing another cow Mr. Taft may not find time to do so much traveling. A good cow should not be left in charge of incompetent hands.

Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, is not interested in baseball. Maybe the spikes on the shoes are not long enough to make the game seem worth while to him.

A Boston girl who has inherited $50,000 says she can't figure how she is going to spend it. She might get some young man who is good at figuring to help her.

Miss Harriman, it is announced, has sixty new gowns with which to begin matrimonial life. It will be several weeks before she knows what it is to yearn for a new dress.

In Iceland unmarried women are permitted to vote. But that doesn't keep them from marrying. Here is a chance for the suffragists to make a few appropriate remarks.

A Chicago woman, age 101, attributes her long life to the fact that she was raised on the farm and always had plenty to eat. While she no longer lives on the farm, she is still in favor of eating.

Marriage is said to be decreasing on account of the high cost of living. What will become of the sweet love songs the poets sing when the thrill of souls is regulated by the price of butter and eggs?

The Washington Sunday school convention committee shut negroes out of the men's Bible class parade. It is understood that this action was not inspired by the forthcoming race war between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson.

The Pennsylvania man who says he is running for congress because he needs the money should be rewarded for his honesty. Most men who run for congress pretend that they are making the sacrifice for the salvation of the country.

Governor Hughes, it is said, is required by unwritten law to cut off his whiskers before he goes on the supreme bench. If this is true it will gratify a number of people who have had a curiosity to see what the governor's chin looks like.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY LAW.

The fellow servant principle and the doctrine of assumed risk were not killed by the employers' liability law passed at the general assembly recently closed, but they suffered the loss of the feet they stood upon. Distinctions were drawn which appreciably reduce that which constitutes the army of fellow servants and, in the matter of assumed risk, a new tenet was laid down. It gives an injured workman the right to collect compensatory damages, even though he has been negligent, unless his negligence should be proven greater than that of his employer.

It is estimated that 500,000 persons are injured in acidents in the United States every year. The number of persons killed in industrial accidents annually is somewhere in the neighborhood of 30,000. The railroads kill 12,000 and injure ten times as many. For every thousand men employed in the mines 3.39 meet death in each year. These mining statistics of American compare with .91 in France, 1 in Belgium, 1.28 in Great Britain, 2.06 in Prussia. Students of sociology declare that at least one-half of the accidents which occur in this country are preventable. Germany fosters an industrial insurance scheme, the cost of which falls largely upon the employer. In England the liability is on the employer, the practice among the industrial enterprises there being to pay damages without recourse to the courts and to seek reimbursement from a form of mutual insurance.

There are signs, especially among the larger industries, that employers are halting their struggle against this kind of legislation. They are perceiving that litigation costs heavily in money, not to count the costs due to having to employ labor instinctively resentful and feeling that it is engaged in a warfare with the source of livelihood. They are slowly discovering that the prevention of accidents means more to them in pocket than in hiring expensive lawyers to fight claims for damages. The effect of strict liability laws in Europe is clearly shown in the lower death and injury rates as compared with those of the United States.

We scarcely think the factories, the public service corporations, the mines and the mercantile establishments having dangerous mechanisms or methods will lose by the new Ohio law. As a matter of self-defense they must give more attention to providing safeguards against accidents, compel officers and foremen to be more watchful and insist upon a higher standard of discipline. The initial outlay for safety appliances may prove heavy, but it will be more than made up by the savings thus brought about. The protection for workmen means protection for employers. And the country profits through a lessened economic loss.

COLLISIONS ON THE LAKES.

Two great freighters have gone to the bottom within the last few days. One is lost beyond recovery and somewhere in the waters around her lie the bodies of 18 human beings. The other steamer may be blown to pieces if the wreckers are unable to get her quickly out of the channel where she blocks traffic.

These accidents cannot be charged to inadequate lighting. They are not due to any failure of the government to chart routes, issue cautions, provide rigid systems of inspection and examination or safeguard shipping in any way within the authority of the federal officers. Such disasters occur even in a waterway such as the Detroit river, where the shores bristle with light houses and signals, where the provisions for safety are multitudinous. The blame for the accidents come home to the ship-owners and ship-masters. It would be well if the association to which the owners belong took up the serious discussion of the subject. How far are the owners personally at fault in the matter? Are they furnishing the ship officers with schedules so iron-clad and unswerving that captains become confused between orders and their sense of prudence? Are they compelling the running of vessels at high speed in storm and fog, in spite of strict instructions in the government regulations? Have they done what they could have done toward urging the charting of lanes of traffic?

As shipping increases upon the great lakes, the danger of collision also increases. Has there been a proper and commensurate increase in the adoption of appliances and methods of safety?

A GREAT REVENUE MAKER.

The corporation tax is proving to be betterrevenue maker than its projectors thought it would be. The declaration that the machinery of its collection would be both cumbersome and costly is amply combated by the results, the work having been performed quietly and with little additional expense to the internal revenue offices. The suits attacking the constitutionality of the law have apparently caused no friction and, considering how strong was the opposition to the measure when it was writen, the penalties assessed for non-payment have been remarkably small in number and amount.

The government will gain more than $25,000,000 from the corporation tax. This should be larger next year and it will doubtless continue to increase throughout the present era of financial confidence and industrial peace.

THE INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN.

In the old-time Sunday School books there were model boys who went to the city, obtained positions in mercantile houses, married the daughters of their employers, and

"By industry, honesty and frugality amassed a competence upon which in their declining years they were enabled to retire."

A young man goes to the city and obtains a job at the refinery of the Sugar trust. Proving quick of eye and nimble with numbers he is made a weigher on the docks where the ships come in from the West Indies with huge cargoes of the raw material. Here this rising young man falls into one of two classifications. If he appears of an upright, conscientious turn, he is kept at scales where all he has to do is just ordinary, plain weighing. If he betrays some laxity in morals he works at scales in the stanchions of which are minute holes. A short piece of steel wire passed through one of these holes so affects the mechanism that for every thousand pounds which is run over the weighing floor the scales register from eight to twenty pounds short—which means that the Sugar trust need pay for just so much less in customs fees. Under the second classification Our Hero receives three dollars more per week than under the first.

Let us revise the story:

"By industry, obedience to the instruction of employers and dishonesty he is rewarded with three crisp one-dollar bills every pay day for which, in the course of time, he is sent to jail."

GOING AFTER SETTLERS

The Canadian Pacific railroad, through its American-born president, makes this bid for settlers along its line:

We are prepared to plant a man upon a farm in working order, in the most promising districts of Alberta and Saskatchewan. We will get the farm ready for him, erect his home (a house of six or seven rooms), his barn, and fence, stock and plant some 40 acres with the first crop. The irrigated land costs from $15 to $40 an acre. The man pays 10 per cent of the purchase price on taking possession. We propose to spread this payment for his farm over a period of 10 years, so that instead of buying the land out of capital, he buys it out of revenue. A man buys pianos, machines, furniture, books and what not on the installment plan, and we intend to give the facility to purchase a money-making farm on the same lines. When we sell the land the tenant becomes a customer of ours. We carry his goods to market, and the more he can raise, the more revenue the company will get from him. Consequently it is for our own interests to assist the settler all we can upon one of our farms.

To compare this method of bringing in settlers with that of highly colored folders and home-seekers' excursions is to compare a sky-scraper with a log cabin. The Canadian Pacific will have its empire settled up when the United States still will have big gaps in its territory unless the idea is adopted over here.

NONSENSICAL SECTIONALISM.

In the drought years following the great boom of the trans-Missouri west, everything capitalistic which did not come in for hearty cursing did well if it escaped a skinning. Massachusetts, which had a sentimental feeling toward Kansas, loaned immense sums on farm mortgages. The investors were bilked and damned in about the proportion of one to ten. London took "fliers" in school bonds and, in a few instances, its agents had trouble finding the schools when they come over on a hunt for defaulted interest. A governor of Dakota, then a territory, was asked what was the best crop to raise in his state. "Make two fool English syndicates grow," he said, "where one grew before."

The outlawry died out when the rains came, when real construction followed the jerry-building. But some of the prejudice lingered. It can be discovered in this paragraph, taken from the Sun, of Beatrice, Neb.:

The belligerent Crete Democrat declares that the census will show that the eastern states have increased in population while the western states have decreased, and the Democrat insists that this fraud is being perpetrated upon the country for the purpose of giving the eastern states greater representation in congress. In view of the fact that the taking of the census is all over the country left to local people it is hard to understand how the east could put anything over on the west.

The Omaha World-Herald, using the editorial of the Beatrice Sun as a text, says in support of the Crete Democrat:

The east has been "putting something over on the west" for a long while. The east has been "putting something over on the west" not alone in the past few weeks, while the census was being taken, but during the last several decades.

The east has gained control of the government at Washington, and holds that control still, although the signs are not lacking that the west is waking up and preparing to fight for its rights.

The east, through its control of the government, has been making laws for the benefit, not of the entire country, but of the east. It has been making laws that make the east prosperous at the expense of the west. It has been making laws that tax the west for the benefit of the east. It has been making laws that discourage western agricultural development while fostering the development of eastern trusts and monopolies.

It is impossible to believe that the spirit of sectionalism is as strong as the Omaha World-Herald might indicate it to be. It is the more impossible to believe because the statements, gravely set forth as facts, are the most ridiculous nonsense.

CONGRESS AND THE VOTERS.

A great deal of uneasiness has been caused among the members of congress by the prediction of the Republican whip that the session would not be brought to a close before the middle of July, the whip enjoying quite a reputation for astute phophecy. The fences of an unusually large number of representatives are in bad shape. There are votes upon sections of the tariff bill to be described in detail. There is need of time in which to frame up a plausible and workable excuse for allegiance to Cannon and Cannonism. Every week spent in Washington means to several congressmen just so much more hurry in the labor of squaring things with the folks at home.

It is to be suspected that the voters will take an unfeeling and unsympathetic view of these present worries of the members of the house of representatives. They will be selfish, thinking of the benefits they themselves are gleaning from the dilatory habit that legislation has in congress. They will consider the fact that the session of congress prolonged into deep summer means relief from long-winded explanations which do not explain, from the pulling and yanking of rival candidates, from noise and bluster and dust-throwing, during the period when the political vitality of the average man is at ebb.

Couldn't the Republican whip, by a little straining, make that date October 1?

The Stuarts had a bigger sense of humor than the house of Brunswick. When Charles II. was going, he said: "I've been an unconscionable time a-dying."

After losing between $750,000 and $1,000,000 James A. Patten is reported to have "sauntered out of the board of trade." Some men, under similar circumstances, would have jumped through the window.

A NEW TRIAL.

The "Impending Roosevelt" is scarce so impending as he was about the time he reached Khartoum and the first cataract of correspondents. Some way or other there is less conviction in the prophecies that Taft would be pushed aside and Roosevelt be pushed into the White House by some 90,000,000 pairs of insistent hands.

This is not to say that Theodore Roosevelt is less popular than he was a few weeks ago, but rather that his countrymen have taken another view of him. There are possibilities in him, not conceived of before, the first vague speculations of which we are only now becoming aware. Europe has received him and examined him and tested him and Europe has found him measuring up beyond all her calculations. He is adviser to parents in France. He discusses world movements in Germany. A suggestion for bringing about universal peace is launched in Norway. Kings crowd about him at a new king's table in England. The popularity at home comes near to being eclipsed by the popularity and admiration abroad.

There is work in the world for a world figure. There are deeds, so far only dreamed of, which might be performed by a man who strikes the imagination of all men and taps the enthusiasm and inspires the faith and patriotism of all humanity. May it not be that destiny is blazing a new trail for Roosevelt?

A DEVELOPER OF THRIFT.

An Ohio banker concentrated the labor of years to getting the people of his community to put their money into savings banks. When he began there were only two or three such institutions in his city. Today there are 12 or 15, and their deposits run far among the millions. But the banker has reversed his policy. He is engaged now in trying to get people to take their money out of the banks and invest them in bonds.

French thrift is proverbial. It makes the famed thrift of the Scotch look like a prodigal heir. It is the way with the French peasant, the clerk, mechanic and shopkeeper to try to put away the half of every franc which comes to their hands. This national thrift shows in the national finances. A country which produces no gold yet serves as the banker for all the world. She is the universal underwriter. The interest upon foreign securities held in France amounts to $850,000,000 a year. It is the policy of the financiers to urge general investment in these securities, so that the greater part of the bonds held in France are in the possession, not of the banks and capitalists, but in that of the farmer, of salary and wage earners, of others of small means.

If the Ohio banker finds the public as responsive to his bond selling campaign as he found it responsive to the appeal of the savings banks, a thrift undeveloped may be indicated in this country which might prove a rival to that of France.

THE BOOKISH MAN AND LIFE.

The retirement of President Eliot from Harvard University was attended by much ceremony and pomp. He was graced with honors and incense was burned to his achievements as an executive and a scholar. Yet scarce was his successor in office than sweeping changes came to Harvard. Customs that had become fixed in President Eliot's administration were cast aside with more or less ostentation. The practices of many years were stopped. The new administration is not merely a continuation of that of President Eliot. It is case in a new mold.

The way affairs have been running at Harvard since another pilot was taken aboard arouses the suspicion that President Eliot did not fit the office so neatly as the ceremonials of departure indicated. He had his ways and those ways apparently did not coincide with the opinions of the powers behind Prof. Eliot. He would not change—this is conjecture which events inspire—and so the fond farewell.

The cemented habit of mind which, it would appear, made the discreet retirement of President Eliot a thing devoutly to be wished at Harvard, is betrayed in a recent and highly intolerant speech against labor unions. Twenty, perhaps 10, years ago, his arguments might have struck many persons as reasonable. But the world has moved since then. Views have changed and many opinions which were once gravely set forth have been made absurd facts.

The scholarship of President Eliot is deep and strong. It is a pity that a man of great brain and magnetic personality should have let the gleanings among books take up so much more time than a proper study of life.

SUBMARINES.

Two French submarines have been lost under peculiarly tragic circumstances. One such loss has been suffered by Germany. A merchant vessel putting into the harbor of Portsmouth, in England, touched a submarine lightly and the naval craft sank to the bottom and her men suffocated to death. A Japanese officer, dying with his men in a disabled submarine, wrote to his emperor with his waning strength assuming the blame for the disaster and asking forgiveness.

The United States has been fortunate in escaping accidents to submarines. They have been operated so carefully that the naval department recently issued orders removing some of the restrictions and giving instructions that maneuvers be conducted more in keeping with conditions as they would occur in time of war. But a clean record does not serve as a safeguard against accident. The menace is always present. The submarine is undoubtedly a powerful weapon of warfare, but it is like a great gun which can throw a shell ten miles and sometimes throws one through the breech instead of the muzzle. A ship which is as dangerous to the navigators as it is to an enemy is scarce one to protect national property and national honor.

The navies of the world have been doing a lot of expensive experimenting in the last few years. Freak vessels of many types have been launched and shortly after have been sent to the junk heap. We suspect that the submarine torpedo boat is booked for such a career.

RELATIVE BRUTALITY.

A definition of prize-fighting was given by John L. Herget, a member of the San Francisco board of supervisors, when a delegation of ministers called to protest against the Jeffries-Johnson "mill."

"A prize-fight," said the learned Mr. Herget, "is a fight with bare fists. It brings in wrestling and other things and it is sometimes as rough as football."

It is no logical argument in favor of boxing that it is milder than foot-ball, yet one can't but appreciate the little dig at the ribs of the ministers. There can be no question that the clergy would command greater respect and have a more influential voice if it were moved more by hard facts than by the conventional ideas of society. Foot-ball is approved by society and we behold the ministers running with other spectators along the sides lines. Prize fighting is frowned upon by society and the wrath of the pulpit waxes. Yet—as a matter of cold, hard facts—pugilism is tame in comparison with foot-ball. It has been frankly professional where foot-ball has been honey-combed with crooked professionalism. Willingly or not, it obeys a code, while football has been given to such outrageous brutality as concentrated effort to cripple a player disliked for his color, or his record for success.

However, the savagery of foot-ball does not excuse prize fighting. We could wish only that the opposition against the one were as strong as against the other.

CAPITAL AND ALCHEMY

The sale of gold bricks still brings returns to crooks of convincing demeanor. The market reports of the Spanish inheritance swindle are not published, but, if they were, the trade would undoubtedly be pronounced steady, with the outlook promising. Every once in a while some one erects a plant to take precious metal from sea water and after floating a company, proceeds to float away with the treasury.

Another classic was described anew in the newspapers this week. A New York man of wealth had been persuaded to look into a scheme for the transmutation of such base elements as iron and lead into gold and silver. Alchemy was not dead, so far as this capitalist was concerned. The moon and the stars, one may be sure, ruled the conduct of his life. The unfortunate part of the story is that an explosion occurred, and what might have proved a very mirthful tale developed into one of agony and death.

While man has imagination there will be gulls.

Census experts are doubtless correct when they say that very few persons live more than a hundred years. Count your friends and see how few have passed the hundred mark.

A New York beggar testified in court that his receipts from alms amounted to $32 a day. He never subscribed to the idea that it is more blessed to give than receive.

Hetty Green says there is no justice in the courts for a woman. If Aunt Hetty were the blind goddess she would, no doubt, make the jury sit up and take notice.

Few persons past middle age regard Halley's comet with wonder. They say it doesn't compare with the old-fashioned comets they saw in their youth.

The Mohonk peace conference has adjourned. Ice cream and cake were served and all those present report having had a good time.

Bishop Wright, the aged father of the Dayton aviators, has so much faith in his boys that he took an aeroplane ride the other day.

If it were true, as a college professor says, that all women are liars, it would be impossible to keep them out of politics.

The weather bureau can come near fooling all the people all the time.

Some men are known by the kind of dogs they keep.

'Breaking Up "New Ground."

Baltimore News.

These are dark days in the rural calendar of those states which can still boast a virgin soil. In vain the blackberry vine covers the rail fence with a league of blossoms; the joree calls in vain from the feathering ferns that line the creek. The face of nature, with all its smiles, presents no charms, for the farmer is breaking up his "new ground."

One season he deadened the trees, and in the season following he cut them down. Today he is extending the area of cultivation and is passing through Gethsemane. As far as the eye can see the field is full of stumps, and each has a tap root which reaches far into the tenacious subsoil. The rootlets expand on either side of the furrow, like the tentacles of the great kraken. The natural perversity of the mule has become intensified, and the entire scheme of human economy goes wrong. The stubborn root breaks at an unexpected moment and leaves a welt on the plodding ploughman's shin; the trace chains get tangled in the singletree and the hamestrings become untied, while high over all the crows assemble with raucus caws and prepare to pull up the seed corn. Kindly night is but an interval between two stonebruises, and the only sunshine comes when it rains too hard for ploughing.

The mediaeval ordeal of passing over the heated ploughshares was a pleasant stroll compared to following a scooter in a "new ground," and "Hell Roaring Jake" spoke the language of a mollycoddle when matched with the expletives which are now going up from the bottom lands.

A Corporation's Color.

Youth's Companion.

There are few more subtle refinements of law than that which makes of the corporation "an artificial being, invisible, intangible and existing only in contemplation of law." In a case decided recently in West Virginia, the defendant had sold the plaintiff a small building lot, one of a group which he owned. The sale had been made with a stipulation that no land in the division should be sold to a colored person, so the buyer was highly incensed when shortly afterward the remaining lots were all sold to a corporation made up entirely of negroes.

A suit for breach of condition was brought immediately, but the defendant justified his action on the ground that the land had not been sold to a colored person, but to a corporation.

His opponent, however, replied with the remarkable assertion that since a corporation was a person, then if its members were all negroes it could with great propriety be called a colored person.

It looked for a while as if this argument might win the day, until the defendant presented the following hypothetical case for the consideration of the court:

"If the corporation had been composed half of white men and half of negroes, could it then have been considered a mulatto?"

The plaintiff lost his case.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS, THE MAN

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS, whose writings upon the International Sunday School Lesson have made him seem as a personal friend to many readers of The Blade, is not a clergyman, nor has he had any training whatever in theology. His only school was that of experience. Mr. Ellis sometimes speaks of himself whimsically, when asked of what college he was a graduate, as "an undergraduate of the University of Hard Knocks."

Although he is today the most widely read of all living commentators upon the Sunday school, Mr. Ellis is a layman whose life has been lived close to the roar of the printing press. Entering a newspaper office as "printer's devil" at the age of 15, after several years spent as a wage-earner, mostly in the textile mills of Philadelphia, Mr. Ellis rose through the varying degrees of reportorial and editorial work, until, after an extensive experience on the Philadelphia Press as editorial writer and special correspondent, he graduated into syndicate writing entirely, with some work for the magazines and religious press on the side.

Since boyhood Mr. Ellis has been interested in church work—an accident at 10 years of age, when he was terribly gored by a bull, and left bleeding on the field for five hours, being the turning point in his religious experience—and early in his newspaper work he began to specialize on religion. At the age of 19 he left an editorial position on a Philadelphia daily to go to a preparatory school, with a view to studying for the ministry; but he was soon obliged to return to editorial work, taking a position on the International Christian Endeavor organ. Thence he went to the editorship of Forward and Wellspring, joint publications of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. After five years he returned to daily journalism.

Three years ago Mr. Ellis made a year's journey around the world, to investigate for a syndicate of daily newspapers the work of foreign missions, especially in the Far East. As an outcome of that trip he has been called upon frequently to address conventions of laymen, and he has written a book, Men and Missions, which has had wide circulation. He is about to start upon another tour of the Near East and Far East, to be gone for a year, investigating the awakening of the older nations and the world's unrest. He will make a tour of Bible lands, the results of which will appear in the Sunday School Lessons.

Although he has been for more than a quarter of a century one of the world's working people, Mr. Ellis is only 36 years old. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and most of his life has been spent in Philadelphia. His home is in Swarthmore, a suburb of that city. He is married and has two children, boys. He is a Presbyterian, and teacher of a large men's Bible class in his home church. He does his literary work at his home, many of his articles, like his correspondence, being dictated into the phonograph. Usually he writes the Sunday School Lesson with his own hand, for he considers that the most important work that he does. He receives letters from readers in all parts of the country, and says that he would not exchange the privilege of writing the Sunday School Lesson for any other form of literary work that could be imagined.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE STORM AND ITS MASTER

International Sunday School Lesson for June 5 Is "Jesus Walks on the Sea." Matt. 14:22-26.

By William T. Ellis.

The finest genius, the highest character, never gets out of touch with human life. There is more affectation than real greatness in the writer, artist, musician or speaker who disdains mankind and seeks sequestration for the cultivation of the muse. Every life which contains strains of beauty will have its times apart; but it will never lose its contact with people.

This attitude was characteristic of Jesus. There was no height of meditation and aspiration, no seclusion sought by weary mind and body, from which he could not be recalled by the cry of human need. Last week we found him turned aside from the pursuit of rest in order to teach and feed a curious, hungry, impulsive rabble. Now, clean forespent by that soul-taxing day, and freshly assailed by Satan's greatest temptation, he once more goes apart into a mountain to pray—only to hasten down because his fishermen friends are in danger. It loks as if Jesus regarded helpfulness as of more importance than anything else in life; for, in the piled up experiences of these two days, he was giving point to the life principle that "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

"Nerves" of Selfishness.

Some persons think themselves so refined and delicate and nervous that a loud noise, or the odor of a sweaty crowd in a street car, or the noisy play of children, drives them to the doctor's medicines. They talk about "nerves" when they really mean simple, old-fashioned selfishness. They have dwelt so much upon themselves that they have grown heedless of the big world of men, women and children, of which they are so infinitesimal a part.

In contrast with all such, consider Him who was the consummate expression of humanity's best manhood as full of divinity as manhood could hold. Never a spirit or a body so finely attuned as His. No soul ever so sensitive to harmonies of every sort. Yet how close He kept to the coarse-fibred, commonplace, toiling everyday people of His time! When the German emperor visited Jerusalem they made a special roadway for him; but Jesus forced His own path up into the fastnesses of the mountainside, special trains and yachts carry the mighty ones of earth; he traveled afoot, or in a smeared, smelly boat of working fishermen.

Eloquent with the day's most needed message of brotherhood was this Life lived assiduously with the crowd. Feeding, healing, sympathizing, teaching, comforting—His was a life of service that bids us all remember that the especially equipped may not ask especial indulgence, but rather that they should especially serve. When we go from our loftiest heights to the lowliest ministry, we are following in the footsteps of the Master.

"Brother, Your Path Is Green."

From the place of peace to the stress of storm—is the transition ever easy? Was there not a wrench of spirit-wrench when Jesus turned his back upon his prayer retreat and girded himself to walk the waves to his menaced friends—even as there is a pang when a disciple today leaves the comfortable and happy family circle, or the beckoning book, or the needed leisure, in order to teach a Sunday school class, visit a sick person, attend a religious meeting, or in some other way minister to men in the name of the Master.

It was from the secret place of solitary prayer that the peril of the disciples called Jesus. He had experienced a crowded day. Exhaustion had laid its heavy hand upon him. He had surely earned repose. Nevertheless, he was not "too busy" or "too tired" to pray. He could do without food and sleep and the society of his friends, but the times alone with the Father he counted essential. We notice how keenly alert and obedient Jesus was to the highest needs of his nature, while at times disdainful of his lower. He kept his spirit attuned for its best capabilities. Though trite, the statement is tremendously true that everybody needs supremely to cultivate the higher, deeper, Godward side of his nature. A man cannot afford not to pray.

The story is told of some African Christians who were wont to go apart from their homes into the jungle for daily prayer; so that a path was soon beaten to these natural prayer closets. When one of them began to decline in the Christian life a friend would say to him, in kindly brotherliness, "Brother, your path is green." The grass had grown on the way to his spiritual retreat; and when the prayer path is green, the spirit life is sere and dead.

The Friend's Need.

"But thee, but thee, O Sovereign Seer of time,
But thee, the man's best man, O love's best love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's comrade, servant, king or priest,
What least defect or shadow of defect, what lapse,
What least effect or shaow of effect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp or sleep's or death's—
Oh! what amiss may I forgive in thee—
Jesus, good Paragon, thou crystal Christ?"

This faultless Gentleman never lacked in that fine consideration for others which is the essence of courtesy. He held that no personal engrossment could excuse a failure to remember others. He was at this time struggling in prayer; for the temptation had again been thrust upon him to go to success by the short and easy way of an earthly kingdom. Once he had downed that temptation in the wilderness, but temptation is a hydra that must be slain often. This besetment of popularity, which has been the undoing of so many public characters, did not allow Jesus to escape unassailed.

Into the sacredness of this critical hour came the memory of the disciples out on the lake; the sky was pierced with lightnings, and shaken with thunder, while the wind roared through the gullies of the mountain side. Down from this place of prayer the teacher hastened—how, the reverent imagination hes tates to suggest—to his friends in distress from the lashing, rending, angry waters. A miracle was necessary in order to reach them, since he had to walk the water; but all the powers of the omnipotent are at the service of his loving heart. The highest law of God is His love for man.

"Over and over it comes to me,
The thought of Christ on the stormy sea."

What a picture! The boat full of hardy fishermen, whose trained skill and accumulated sea wisdom is futile in the face of this storm on Galilee. The sudden tempests that sweep down upon it are like those which have made Lake George, in New York state, the grave of so many persons. The morning was nigh, but the boat was distressed by the cruel waters. Those of us who have been in the clutch of a furious sea know the feeling of helplessness which possessed these Galileans. Their faces told the fear which their lips were loath to express. "If the Master were only here," they whispered one to another.

Then upon the water they beheld, as they thought, a supernatural apparition. They were not yet wholly delivered from the superstitions which were a part of their peasant inheritance. The seeming ghost struck terror to their hearts. Thus do faint hearts commonly mistake God's good providences. But there was no mistaking the voice which straightway fell upon their ears, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." In whatever guise God comes to a life, his coming should drive out fear and bring in cheer. And the greatness of the blessing of trouble is that then Christ appears.

Faith vs. Forwardness.

Peter, the impetuous, more eager than thoughtful, at once craved permission to go to his Lord on the water. The mission was needless, for Jesus was bound for the boat. This Master, however, is as patient as a wise father who seeks out the child's training, and He accepted Peter's forwardness for what faith there was in it. For a time the disciple walked the waves even as did his Master. The task was too great for his faith; we can never have too much faith. We may unwisely direct our faith as did Peter; but even so he got along until he looked away from Jesus and began to consider the waves. The man who looks at difficulties is done for. Fear, which always unmans, seized poor Peter's heart with paralysis and his feet could not keep up when his heart was down, so he began to sink.

Always alert for evidences of faith ("When the son of man comes, will he find faith on the earth?") Jesus had heartened Peter. Now, still patient, he stretched forth his hand and took hold of him, saving him, and yet, Oh, so wistfully reproving him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It always hurts the Master when any of His friends come short in faith; He plans such great things for us, which our unbelief hinders us from receiving. Day by day our prayer should be, "Lord, increase our faith."

From Wonder to Worship.

The surprise of the disciples at the advent of Jesus and the cessation of the storm turned to worship, as they cried "Of a truth thou art the Son of God." "Wonder is the beginning of knowledge is the motto over the door of the children's room in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. We first contemplate Jesus with amazement and then follow Him as friends. The Wonder-Worker is also the Conqueror.

That great experience Jesus went on to His familiar work of healing and helping—a ministry which His friends are continuing in increasing degree to this very day. His example, His love, His approval, are the motive power of the world's greatest and lowliest ministries.

NEW WORDS FOR ENGLAND

She Acknowledges Receipt of Some Terse Expressions From Us.

The Queen.

New words make an amusing study. The Boer war gave us "trek," "maffick" and "commandeer," and the coronation the verb to "coronate." Motors and airships are responsible for fresh expressions. The former found us to "mote," "motorites, "garage" and "chauffeur," and the latter supplied us with "aviators," "aeronauts" and "aviation." And we are now familiar with the useful terms "wires," "phones" and "taxis."

Then our American friends have made us a present of some terse phraseology. When they want us to be punctual they tell us to be "on time," and when they wish us to be quick they tell us to "hustle." And they have taught us the word "bud" for a girl, "waist" for a blouse and "multi" for a millionaire.

All these are portable terms, but we are now burdened by their ponderous words "hotelization" and "electrification." Then, whether for good or ill, a certain set of words have come into constant use in books and journalism, of these are the well-worn terms "weird," "quaint" "keen," "cheery," "trend," "outlook" and "unthinkable;" and when writing of social affairs, "fixture," "function" and "entertainment." The English language may be less pure than of yore, but it has picked up many new colloquialisms.

Varieties

The convicts of Norway are made to till the soil.

Englishmen eat, on an average, 16 eggs a year.

The average crow is said to destroy 700,000 insects a year.

London has 2,151 miles of streets and 300 miles of tramways.

Zinc shingle nails, cut from the solid metal, are practically indestructible.

The Turkish government has awakened to the need of irrigation and railways.

Puy-de-Dome, an extinct volcano in France, yields large quantities of carbolic acid.

Fifty-ton loads of coke can be dumped from up-to-date freight cars in less than two minutes.

Plans have been made for harbor improvements at Mazatlan, Mexico, which will cost $15,000,000.

Wool imports into the United States last month came chiefly from Argentina, Australasia and China.

A fire caused by an exploding lamp may be quenched with milk, water only spreading the burning oil.

Death Valley, California, is 278 feet below the sea level, the lowest point of dry land in the United States.

Only 10 per cent of German schoolboys, it is said, go in for athletics, as against 75 per cent of British.

There are 270 known active volcanoes in the world, but most of them are too small to be dangerous.

In the matter of wages, the highest paid workmen in Turin, Italy, are smiths, who get 77 cents to $1.35 a day.

The underground railways of Paris have a length of 32 miles. Thirty-three more miles have been authorized.

White horses are barred from service in the German army, because they are too conspicuous when smokeless powder is used.

The national beverage of the Japanese, sake, has a much more powerful effect on them than on Europeans or Americans.

The air is clarified effectively by keeping the blades of a ventilating fan moistened with water. This collects all the impurities.

The soil turned up by ants in making their hills in Central America is used by the natives to make bricks by mixing it with water.

At the bottom of the sea the temperature remains practically unaltered at any one spot throughout the whole of the year.

The London Economist figures that a four-pound loaf in London costs little more than half what a similar loaf costs in New York.

A process has been discovered by which tea and coffee are robbed of their toxic qualities without interfering with the flavor.

St. Louis has a concrete building 11 feet high, which is entirely without windows. The illumination is by means of skylights in the roof.

The gold output of Alaska since 1881, when placer mining began, is in excess of $161,000,000, according to geological survey figures.

Spanish telephone companies make their charges according to the occupation of the patron. Social clubs labor under the highest rate.

The Chinese newspaper is generally printed on a roll, so that the purchaser may tear it off and throw away that part which he has perused.

The United States is the only country of commercial importance which does not forbid the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches.

An irate subscriber walked into a Mississippi newspaper office the other day and made the editor hunt up and eat the copy of an offending editorial.

To prevent a person soiling his fingers when squeezing a slice of lemon at a dinner table a dainty silver implement for the purpose has been invented.

The largest wireless station in Europe, that on the Adriatic sea at Pola, Austra-Hungary, includes a 200-foot tower built on a foundation of glass.

Under the law of Mexico the national hymn may be played only on occasions when the chief executive of the nation or the governor of a state is present.

The Prussian state railways have built a huge tank, into which a car may be run and sealed for complete disinfection, both inside and out, by formalin gas.

Of the 1,000,000-horse power which the rivers of Minnesota are estimated to be capable of producing, less than one-third has been made available.

A boxlike utensil with crossed knife blades on the top is a new implement with which a potato may be cut into chips by a single pressure of the hand.

All animals have a weather instinct. The approach of rain is indicated by the flight of swallows, by the cries of waterfowl and by the actions of cows and pigs.

In China there is no law against child labor. In the Shanghai cotton mills hundreds of girls and children are employed. Their wages are from 4 to 20 cents a day.

Seattle is reducing its steep hills. When the work planned is completed 24,000,000 cubic yards of material will have been removed. Hydraulic sluicing is the method employed.

Missouri manufactured 27,732,200 corn cob pipes last year. These Missouri meerschaums were made in factories in Washington, Hermann, Union and a few smaller towns.

A one-half horsepower electric motor, driven by a lighting current and directly connected with an air pump, is a new convenience for inflating automobile tires in garages.

Building since 1880, Liverpool only recently completed a great water supply scheme, including the impounding of a Welsh river and the building of a 75-mile aqueduct.

It is said that Professor Karl Harries, of the University of Kiel, has produced a synthetic rubber. Attempts such as this have been made time and again, but with no commercial success.

Propelled in the same way as a skyrocket, but by powder that burns more slowly, an aerial torpedo to carry life lines to wrecked vessels has been perfected by a Swedish army officer.

Here is Artemus Ward's advice to Edward when he was the young prince of Wales: "When you get to be king try and be as good a man as yure mother has ben, and yu'll cum out all rite."

Think of an acre of ground covered with a pile of silver dollars 320 feet high. That would be the sight presented if the whole wealth of the country were piled together. It amounts to more than $30,000,000,000.

James N. Adam, former mayor of

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2051—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist. This simple model is suitable for taffeta, as well as cashmere, albatross, linen or madras. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2532—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with link cuffs and with or without back yoke-facing. Victoria or Persian lawn, Indian head cotton or handkerchief linen are suitable for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2376—Girls' Dress, with a separate guimpe having high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Black-and-white plaid cotton voile was used for the development of this little frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3301—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse and knickerbockers. This is a natty model for any material desired. 3 sizes—2 to 6 years.

3290—Misses' Skirt. Embroidered flouncing or bordered materials are specially good for this model. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

3007—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing at left side back seam, and having yoke at sides. Serge, voile or mohair are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3293—Ladies' Dressing Sack. A dainty and becoming model is here shown made of flowered lawn. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2885—Child's One-Piece Dress, with high or Dutch neck and bishop or cap sleeves. Sheer white batiste or lawn develop effectively in this style. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

3140—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with an attached five-gored skirt. Chiffon cloth, silk goods, foulard or serge will develop in this style effectively. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3300—Ladies' Bathing Suit. A pleasing model is the one here shown which will make up in any material desired. 8 sizes—30 to 44.

2500—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, having sleeves in full-length with link cuffs or in seven-eighths length with roll-up cuffs. Linen, lawn or madras are best suited for this waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3134—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing. The shirt waist here shown is made of lavender wool taffeta with a white linen collar. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2887—Girls' Bathing Suit, consisting of a Russian blouse, and bloomers joined to an underwaist. This is an excellent bathing suit developed in any colored mohair or French flannel. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3295—Child's Dress. A charming frock which can be made of embroidery flouncing or any summer fabric. 3 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2728—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box plait at center back seam and having tucked front gore and an inverted box plait at each side front seam. This stylish model is particularly adaptable to serge, French worsted, chevlot or broadcloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3078—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Any of the season's suitings would develop well in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2477—Ladies' Four-Gored Petticoat Skirt, lengthened by a dust ruffle and with or without the gathered flounce. Fine cambric, nainsook, muslin or jaconet are the materials ordinarily used for the summer petticoat. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2412—Ladies' Corset Cover. Persian lawn, jaconet or nainsook are adaptable to this model. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2709—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover, Drawers and Short Petticoat. Any sheer white material can be used for this model 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2875—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with guimpe. Developed in mercerized poplin, pongee or any light weight material, this design is most becoming. sizes—32 to 44.

FRAUDS LEAD TO GRAVE

Late H. O. Havemeyer Is Involved in Sugar Trust Trial.

New York, May 26.—Oliver Spitzer former superintendent of the docks of the American Sugar Refining Co., in Williamsburg, who recently was pardoned from the penitentiary by President Taft, explained yesterday why he did not confess during the trial which ended last February with his being sentenced to two years at Atlanta. Such a confession, he declared, would "have carried him to a cemetery." In other words he would have implicated a dead man, Henry O. Havemeyer, late head of the sugar trust.

Spitzer was under cross examination by the defense at the trial of Charles R. Heike, secretary-treasurer of the American Sugar Refining Co., who, with five subordinates, is charged with conspiracy to defraud the government by underweighing sugar. He gave his direct testimony for the prosecution Monday. He repeated that he had made his confession, not with the hope of pardon, but to ease his conscience, and added that after his conviction his attorneys, now appearing for several of the defendants, had urged him to tell all he knew.

Brings in Havemeyer.

"What did you say when advised to confess?" asked Clarence Lexow, for the defense.

"I said the only confession I can make will carry me into a cemetery and Mr. Stimson (the government prosecutor) doesn't want that."

"You are referring to Henry O. Havemeyer?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, I am," answered Spitzer.

This closed the court incident, but Spitzer talked more freely after leaving the stand. He said he had met H. O. Havemeyer. The frauds, he insisted, had begun before his time, although he worked on the docks 29 years.

Invented Steel Spring.

He admitted that the steel springs used to manipulate the scales on the dock were his invention.

"Why did you not tell the truth in the first place?" he was asked.

"Every time I look in a mirror I see a d—n fool," was the answer. "I was a fool not to do it, but I was ashamed to let any one know that I did these things. My credit was good; I could get anything, and I did not want people to know that I was fool enough to do these things for nothing. I got nothing out of it.

"Another reason why I committed perjury was because I thought nothing could happen to the sugar trust. We all thought that the trust was so strong that the government could not do anything with it."

Girl Important Witness.

Aside from Spitzer's confession, the government attaches most importance in its cause to the testimony given by Miss Viola C. Mertens, stenographer employed by the sugar company. She said that she made three copies of the so-called technical statements concerning sugar weights which have disappeared, and that one copy went to Heike and another to Gerbracht.

My Auto-Seat Buggy Saves $26.50

SEND me your name on a postal and I'll pay the postage to you, to prove how to save $26.50 and up on any Split Hickory Vehicle of over **125 Styles Shown in My FREE BOOK**

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SAYS HE'S NO COWARD

Writer for Collier's Brings Suit Against Attorney Oscar Lawler.

LAWLER BACKS DOWN.

Washington, May 28.—Oscar Lawler, assistant attorney general for the interior department, today said he had sent to the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee and to Christopher P. Connolly and James B. Connolly letters disavowing any intention of doing the Messrs. Connolly an injury in his testimony before the committee and withdrawing his remarks with an apology.

Washington, May 28.—Christopher P. Connolly, a lawyer, of Montana and New York, and a well-known writer for the magazines, has filed suit in the supreme court of the district of Columbia to recover $20,000 damages for alleged slander from Oscar Lawler, assistant attorney general, for the interior department.

The suit is the first of the threatened legal proceedings growing out of the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry. It was rumored around the court today that Secretary Ballinger was prepared to invoke the law against some of his alleged traducers.

The basis of the action is the testimony alleged to have been given by Mr. Lawler, May 17, before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee, wherein Mr. Lawler is alleged to have referred to Mr. Connolly and others as "despicable scoundrels who would stoop to any depth of degradation."

He is further alleged to have testified that "a man named Connolly stood on the deck of the steamship Republic just before she went down, and trampled down women and children in an attempt to get to a life boat."

When asked to identify the Connolly referred to, it is alleged, Mr. Lawler said: "He is an employe of Collier's Weekly, and is a tall, slender man with a short, gray mustache." This, Mr. Connolly says, describes him.

Mr. Lawler is further alleged to have said that he had considerable contempt for the "Connolly connected with Collier's Weekly, anyway, and would not put him above anything of that kind."

Mr. Connolly charges that this connecting of him with the person on board the Republic is false, and that the accusation was maliciously made. He says that at the time of the loss of the Republic he was in Los Angeles, California, many miles away from the scene of the disaster.

Another Connolly, a writer of sea stories, was aboard the Republic at the time of the wreck, and was later involved in a dispute with some of the ship's officers relative to his conduct in the hour of danger.

EMPLOYES CONFESS

Three More Plead Guilty in Trial of Sugar Combine.

New York, May 27.—The long series of surprises in the sugar underweighing conspiracy trial culminted today in the sudden closing of the prosecution's case and the entering of pleas of guilty by three of the men on trial. These three were fellow employes of the four checkers convicted last winter for complicity in the frauds on the Williamsburg docks of the American Sugar Refining Co. All of them worked under Oliver Spitzer, the dock superintendent, also convicted and sentenced to two years in the Atlanta penitentiary, whose confession and pardon and appearance as a government witness was the first big sensation of the present trial.

Counsel for the three men who had decided to give up the fight—Harry W. Walker, assistant dock superintendent, and Jean F. Voelker and James Halligan, Jr., checkers—today withdrew their plea of not guilty as soon as the government, after introducing some new testimony, announced that it closed its case. Sentence will be passed upon them later. After a conference of counsel, court was adjourned to Tuesday next, Judge Martin denying formal motions for the dismissal of the indictments against the remaining three defendants.

With the three minor defendants eliminated, there remain only the chief of the group, Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Refining Co., and his former subordinates, Ernest W. Gerbracht, superintendent of the Williamsburg refinery, and James F. Bendernagel, the refinery cashier. The government's fire in the closing hours of the trial was mainly directed against Heike, and the evidence introduced before the early adjournment today was submitted chiefly in a further effort to prove him personally cognizant of the frauds, and as directly or indirectly aiding or abetting them.

Today's evidence consisted for the most part of letters written by Heike. A number of the letters were read in an effort to show that Heike kept a close watch on all the multitudinous details of the business. One letter, under date of September 11, 1903, written by Heike to Gerbracht, contained this statement: "We can understand that there may be a reason why the customs weight can fall short from the invoice weight."

Twelve checks given by the government as rebates on duty on sugar were also introduced. These were endorsed by Heike as secretary. The government contends that these rebates were on the fraudulently underweighed sugar.

TAFT REBUKES TAWNEY

House Has Sharp Debate Over the Question of Chief Executive's Travels.

Washington, May 27.—President Taft is much distressed by the turn taken in the debate in the house yesterday on the question of the President's traveling expenses. His resentment is shown not so much toward Democratic criticisms as toward Mr. Tawney's criticisms of the Democratic position.

The President today sent the following letter to Mr. Tawney (Rep., Minn.), chairman of the committee on appropriations:

"The White House, Washington, May 27, 1910.

"My Dear Mr. Tawney—I am deeply grieved over the phase which the discussion of the appropriation for the traveling expenses of the President took yesterday. I think it is a legitimate argument in favor of such an appropriation that congressmen and many others press the acceptance of invitations to visit their sections and districts, because the urgency of such requests indicates the opinion on the part of the people that one of the duties of the President is to visit the people in their homes.

"But the intimation or suggestion that the acceptance by congressmen of the President's invitation to travel on the train with him in their respective districts or states was a reason why they should not vote their free opinion on the question of such an appropriation is to me a most painful one. In traveling upon the train they were not receiving my hospitality—they were only making a little more elaborate the cordial welcome which they as representatives of their districts wished to give.

"The feature of the discussion yesterday which was especially distressing to me was a suggested reflection on southern hospitality. The intimation that somewhere in the south board was charged has no foundation in fact, and I never heard it intimated until I saw it in this morning's paper. In all my experience, and I have enjoyed the hospitality of many sections and countries of the world, I never had a more cordial, generous, open and lavish welcome than I had in the southern states during my trip, and the slightest hint that puts me in the attitude of a critic of that hospitality gives me great pain.

"I am going to take the liberty of making this letter to you public. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. TAFT."

TAFT UNABLE TO GET ANY MORE ADVANCES

Washington, May 27.—President Taft's traveling expenses and the fact that already he has overdrawn his allowance of $25,000 a year voted by congress, led to acrimonious debate in the house yesterday and to a refusal to permit him to use the next year's allowance to meet the deficiency.

It was the western and southern trip by Mr. Taft last fall that exhausted the White House traveling fund. During the debate Chairman Tawney, in charge of the bill, criticised southern Democrats for their attitude in objecting to an appropriation to defray the expense of a trip on which they had been the President's guests.

"This trip," said Mr. Tawney, "was not made for his own pleasure. Congress was in session when delegation after delegation from this house, from the senate and from the different states, visited him urging him to make such a trip."

"Twenty-five Democratic representatives," continued Tawney, "called at the White House and extended to the President the hospitality of their districts, urging and begging him to accept their invitations—which he did. And yet, when we are appropriating to defray the expenses incident to accepting their invitations, they now criticise him. Is that southern hospitality? Can there be a meaner man than he who invites another man to accept his hospitality and then when that man becomes his guest turns around and kicks him because he accepts the invitation, and criticise him, and even charges him for his board?"

Mr. Fitzgerald declared that when the President exhausted his appropriation for traveling expenses, he should have "had strength of character either to decline some of these invitations or to pay his own expenses."

Mr. Cullop, of Indiana, suggested that it had been clearly understood that when the President's salary was increased from $50,000 to $75,000 that that amount would cover traveling expenses, this statement leading to a controversy between Mr. Cullop and Mr. Tawney.

"If a gentleman is a guest of the President, must that fact be reflected in his vote here upon appropriation?" inquired Mr. Hardwick, of Georgia.

DR. KOCH'S LABORS END

Famous Scientist Is Dead in Germany.

Baden Baden, May 28.—Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, died here yesterday afternoon from a disease of the heart. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, December 11, 1843.

Professor Koch became distinguished as an investigator of micro-organisms, but probably gained most renown as the discoverer of the bacilli of tuberculosis and cholera. He was graduated in 1866 from the University of Goettingen, and while a practitioner at Wollstein began his researches in bacteriology. His first writings, covering investigations of anthrax and the etiology of traumatic infective diseases, marked an epoch in medicine and placed bacteriology on a scientific basis.

It was in 1882 that Professor Koch first announced his discovery of the bacilli of tuberculosis. The following year he was sent by the German government to India and Egypt to study cholera, and discovered the comma bacillus, the presence of which is regarded as an infallible test in diagnosing Asiatic cholera.

It was in 1890, at the meeting of the International Medical Congress, that Professor Koch announced the discovery of a specific for tuberculosis, but while his announcement created a sensation, the medical profession generally did not accept it as a fact, and subsequently the experience did not fully substantiate the claims of Koch in this direction.

Professor Koch received decorations from the German and French governments for his discoveries. He visited the United States in 1908 and attended the international tuberculosis conference in Philadelphia.

ESTRADA'S END IN SIGHT

Nicaragua Troops Have Captured Bluff at Bluefields.

Bluefield, Nicaragua, May 28.—The government forces, under cover of the fire of the gunboat San Jacinto, have routed the insurgents and captured Bluefields bluff. This loss to the Estrada forces probably ends the revolution.

Yesterday morning at 3 o'clock the Madriz gunboat San Jacinto began bombarding the Bluff, the troops landing under cover of her guns. There was only slight fighting, however, until 6 o'clock, when the Madriz forces succeeded in taking the position of the enemy and the bluff.

The Estrada troops were under command of General Zeledom. The force of Madriz in the engagement is estimated at 500 and that of Estrada at 200.

BOY ENJOYS WILD SLIDE.

Plunges Down Seven Miles in Lumber Flume.

Globe, A. T., May 29.—Thomas Gardner, a 5-year-old boy of Thatcher, rode a mile a minute down a seven-mile lumber flume yesterday and arrived at the end of the thrilling journey unhurt.

Tommy was playing at the head of the flume in the Graham mountains. He slipped and fell into the water and was carried at the speed of an express train down the flume, which in stretches is almost perpendicular.

He was scratched slightly about the face and arms but that was all.

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TOY GETS KINDLY PAT

Roosevelt Shows a Friendly Feeling When English Boys Jolly Him.

Cambridge, Eng., May 16.—Theodore Roosevelt today received from the University of Cambridge the honorary degree of doctor of laws. The ceremony was brief and shorn of much of the usual splendor, but was marked by much enthusiasm upon the part of the faculty and students who gave their guest a splendid reception.

The conferment took place in the senate house. Ordinarily upon such occasions the hall is bright with the scarlet robes of the doctors and the gala costumes of women, but this afternoon only the recipient of the degree and the public orator, Vice Chancellor Mason, wore the pink-lined scarlet robes, while the women of the audience were in mourning gowns.

As Mr. Roosevelt accepted his diploma the students who crowded the galleries shouted, "Teddy! Teddy!" and the whole audience cheered. The old senate building was packed with a thousand persons, including the faculty and doctors of the university, in their gowns, and many women, who filled the body of the building, while the galleries were occupied by students. During the ceremony the students swung a Teddy bear above the center of the hall, where it dangled to the entertainment of everybody. Mr. Roosevelt joined in the pleasantry and as he was leaving the building reached up and patted the toy beast with his hand.

Several hundred persons who were unable to secure entrance waited outside the senate house and cheered the former President upon his arrival and departure. The procession was short, but picturesque. It started from Pembroke college, where Mr. Roosevelt had lunch, and moved slowly to the senate house. First marched the two liveried mace bearers. Next came Mr. Roosevelt in his robe and wearing a flat velvet cap upon his head. Beside him was Vice Chancellor Mason. Following the two were several professors, while two more mace bearers brought up the rear.

The proceedings of conferment were in Latin. The vice chancellor delivered a laudatory address, highly praising Mr. Roosevelt as a stateman, litteratteur, sportsman and peacemaker. As he concluded he handed Mr. Roosevelt his diploma, while the audience gave three cheers.

The audience was decidedly friendly, cheering the former President upon his arrival and departure, and at frequent intervals during Dr. Mason's speech. When the vice chancellor referred to the university's guest as "a friend of peace and a friend of the human race, whose fame is attested by all Europe," there was a roar of approval from his listeners.

Following the exercises, Mr. Roosevelt visited King's college, and the famous chapel, after which he went to Trinity college, where he had tea with Rev. and Mrs. Butler. Later he visited the headquarters of the Cambridge Union society, of which he had been elected an honorary member. There he met some 700 undergraduates.

'TAPPED' BY ROOSEVELT

Taft Appeared Opposed to Insurgents.

Washington, May 25.—"I have tapped him, and he is against you."

This message, insurgent Republicans of the house say, was delivered to a committee representing them, consisting of Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Nelson, of Wisconsin, by President Roosevelt on the eve of his retirement into private life, on March 4, 1909, as he was standing in the President's room at the senate, awaiting the inauguration of his successor.

On March 2 a committee of the insurgents, consisting of Mr. Gardner, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Madison, of Kansas, went to the White House to consult with the President concerning the attitude of his successor. The insurgents were particularly desirous that Mr. Taft should not give comfort to the organization, headed by Cannon, and make issue against them. Mr. Roosevelt could give them no assurances, but he told them, according to statements made by insurgent members:

"I will tap him and let you know how he stands."

It was in fulfillment of this promise that he delivered the message first quoted.

The insurgents are now preparing to make a determined effort to persuade Colonel Roosevelt to champion their cause when he again takes up politics. They claim to have in him a staunch friend. On the other hand, their efforts will not be permitted to go unchallenged. The regulars are also planning to work upon him, in the hope that he may be induced to take up their battle, and say that if he will only give them support that they can easily carry the next house.

The insurgents point with some comfort to the statement which they assert Mr. Roosevelt made at the original interview, that "Cannon has been the greatest obstacle in the way of my efforts to secure good legislation for the people of the country," and predict that he cannot be led to support any issue that involves the endorsement of the present speaker.

It's Up to Chile Now.

Ecuador has sneezed again,
And right in Peru's face;
It's up to peaceful Chile now
To put them through the pace.

Peru has troubles of her own,
Which Ecuador doesn't stir;
It's up to happy Chile now
To stop the little whirr.

—Florida Times-Union.

SEEKS INSURGENT VIEW

Roosevelt Asks Prominent Member of Congress to Meet Him.

Washington, May 28.—Ex-President Roosevelt has written a letter from London to a prominent Republican "insurgent" member of the house of representatives, requesting the latter to meet him in a conference as soon after the ex-President's arrival in New York, on June 18, as possible. Mr. Roosevelt's letter indicates that he is desirous of learning the "insurgent" situation in the house from first hand, as soon as possible after his return to this country. The member receiving the letter declined to allow the use of his name in connection with it, as he said it might prove embarrassing for both Mr. Roosevelt and himself if made known at this time. He did, however, show the letter to one or two persons with the injunction that they should not disclose its text.

It is known that there has been an interchange of letters between this member and the ex-President since the latter's arrival in Europe. The "insurgent" is a long-time personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, and for that reason has not hesitated about advising the ex-President unreservedly about the various political events which have transpired since Mr. Roosevelt's departure for Africa a year ago.

In response to Mr. Roosevelt's request, the "insurgent" member has made a hotel reservation in New oYrk for June 18. This member expressed no doubt whatever that Mr. Roosevelt would support the cause of the house insurgents and prophesized that he would be found making a few speeches this fall in the districts represented by "insurgents" who might be in danger of defeat. "Whatever else may have been charged," said this member, "Mr. Roosevelt has never been accused of ingratitude towards his friends."

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GOMPERS NOT FOR CABINET

Declares President of Federation Is Best Job on Earth.

Washington, May 26.—"I would rather be president of the American Federation of Labor than to hold any other office on earth," declared Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor in assuring the house committee on labor Wednesday that he had no ambition to become secretary of the proposed department of labor, the establishment of which he was urging.

"The President should have a man in his cabinet who knows labor conditions, one not necessarily risen from the ranks, but who is still of the ranks," said Mr. Gompers. "The creation of a department of labor will help to solve the greatest question of modern times—the labor question. It will solve one of the problems of life, help to dignify labor and to secure more even-handed justice for workers."

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MENELIK'S LAND IS RICH IN PROMISE

Hoffman Phillip, American minister to the court of King Menelik, ruler of Abyssinia, was in Toledo yesterday, on his way to Washington, where he goes to report to the government before starting for Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital.

Mr. Phillip has been in the American diplomatic service for a number of years, having served under several presidencies. He was for some years American minister to Morocco, and he now goes to Brazil as first secretary to the American embassy there. While in Toledo he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Pomeroy.

"Less is probably known about Abyssinia than any other country in the world," said Mr. Phillip at the Secor last night. "The average American's knowledge of Menelek's realm consists in the misinformation contained in a few telegraphic dispatches about the defeat of the Italians in 1896 and the absolutism practiced by the old king.

A Benevolent Despot.

"Of course, Menelek is a despot, but he is also a benevolent one. He is shrewd, and he always does the thing that is in the interest of his people. He has welded together the petty states in the old kingdom of Habesh, and has acquired so much other territory that Abyssinia now covers about 350,000 square miles.

"Since his defeat of the Italians Menelek has moved his capital from Adowa to the village of Adis Abeda, and within the last few years this village has grown till it now has a population of 80,000.

"Menelek rose to power about 20 years ago. He was one of the petty rulers of the disorganized states, and reigned over Shoa. These rulers began fighting among themselves for supremacy until the contest narrowed down between Kasa, Gobasie and Menelek. The last named finally defeated the other two, and his sovereignty over the whole territory has not been disputed since.

He is now in poor health, and the country, because of his inability to handle the reins of power, is becoming a fertile field for foreign intrigues. Italy, France, Germany and Great Britain are all watching Abyssinia and building up their legations. The Italians would like to have this East African country for a colony. So would the French and Germans. The English are endeavoring to maintain the statu quo so that their Nile possessions will not be affected. Menelek has thus far been able to keep the greedy hands of the foreigners off. They were afraid of him because of the strength he showed against the Italians when the latter tried to take advantage of the anarchy in the country and declared a protectorate over Abyssinia in 1896.

"The French have built a railroad from Tibutil on the Gulf of Aden to Harrar in the southwest and will extend it to Adis Abeba, the capital in Shoa.

Priests Are Ignorant.

"The Abyssinians are mostly Africans and Asiatic Jews in whose veins runs negroid blood. The religion is Captic and the priests are intensely ignorant. It is almost impossible to make intellectual progress as we understand the term in the west because of the hostility of the priests who do not want the present conditions changed.

"The country is hot only in the valleys, even though Abyssinia is only from to 16 degrees north of the equator. It is mountainous, Adis Abeba being 7,000 feet above the sea level. One of the mountain peaks, Ras Dashan, is 15,167 feet high and is crowned with perpetual snow.

"The Abyssinians like our cotton goods and would rather have them than those of any other country, but the Germans are now copying our trademarks and are capturing much of the trade. We would get it all back if the cotton goods manufacturers of the United States would get together and establish a house to represent them in the country."

Mr. Phillip was American minister to Morocco when Stensland, the Chicago bank defaulter, was captured in the country several years ago, and it was he who turned the American over to detectives who had gone from this country to arrest him.

LORIMER DENIES FRAUD

Addresses Senate on Bribery Charges.

Washington, May 28.—Strenuous denial of the charge that he had obtained his seat in the United States senate through bribery and corruption was made before that body today by William Lorimer, of Illinois. Soon after the assembling of the senate, Mr. Lorimer arose to a question of personal privilege and began his reply to the charges that have aroused wide interest. His statement upon the floor of the senate had been eagerly awaited by his colleagues, of whom there was practically a full attendance, and earnest attention was given him.

Mr. Lorimer confined himself closely to his manuscript. He spoke in distinct tone of voice, and notwithstanding his delivery was somewhat monotonous, he commanded close attention. Most of the senators were in their seats, and included among the outside auditors was practically the entire Illinois delegation in the house of representatives. Mr. Lorimer's colleague, Senator Cullom, also was among the interested list of senators.

Senator Lorimer spoke from his seat in the rear of the extreme right side of the chamber. When the suggestion was made that he should take a more central position he said he considered it preferable for present purposes to speak from his own seat.

Foremost in the answer of the senator to the charge stood his assertion that it had been formulated by the Chicago Tribune with the purpose of destroying a new banking association in that city which Mr. Lorimer has organized. Concluding, he offered a resolution calling for a senatorial investigation of the charges against him, this resolution being as follows:

"Resolved, That the committee on privileges and elections be directed to examine the allegations recently made in the public press, charging that bribery and corruption were practiced in the election of William Lorimer to a seat in the United States senate, and to ascertain the facts in connection with these charges and report as early as possible, and for that purpose the committee shall have authority to send for persons and papers and to employ a stenographer and such other additional help as it shall deem necessary."

PUTS WOMAN IN SHACKLES

Bondsman Becomes Marshal and Chases Far for Fugitive.

Washington, May 26.—With his prisoner, Miss Josephine Dennis, a gray-haired woman of 64, Deputy United States Marshal Fletcher arrived here today from Clifton, Ariz., where he arrested her a few days ago. The prisoner wore handcuffs.

On March 19 last Miss Dennis was arrested here on a charge of conducting a secret saloon and gambling house in connection with a dressmaking establishment. Fletcher, then not an officer of the law, became her bondsman in the sum of $1,500. When her case was called, however, she had disappeared. Fletcher thereupon became active, located the woman in Arizona, had himself appointed a deputy marshal, went west and arrested her as a bond jumper and fugitive. He will save $1,500.

VIOLIN GONE—ENDS LIFE

Aged Musician Could Not Stand Smashing of Instrument.

New York, May 27.—Frederick Luer, an old street musician, killed himself in his Bowery lodging shortly before midnight by inhaling gas through a rubber boot. He bored a hole in the boot's sole, inserted a gas tube in the hole, turned on the gas and placed the top of the boot over his head. He was dead when found. He had been disconsolate since a truck on the Bowery smashed his cherished violin a few days ago.

CHINA ADOPTS NEW COINAGE

Peking, May 24.—An edict promulgated today establishes national decimal coinage throughout China and orders the cessation of all coinage by provincial mints. The new currency is to be on the basis of seven mace two cand

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

THERE are doubtless many who will arise to tell you there are no old fashioned grandmothers left on earth, but those who arise to say this are mistaken. It is true they are not so prevalent as of yore, and there are very few who sit in the chimney corner and do the knitting for the family. One reason is because it is cheaper to buy knit goods than it is to make them, and another reason is that not many grandmothers and grandfathers of the present day go on the retired list. They keep in touch with the world and in active service, as it is quite right and proper they should.

"No love like mother love ever was known," is a glorious truth beyond dispute, but observation has taught me that grandmother love is equally as strong. I know of several hale and hearty grandmothers who are slaves to their grandchildren and flaunt their chains as something to be proud of.

I saw a grandmother of this kind over in Navarre park in East Toledo the other day. It was an afternoon which left nothing to be desired in the way of a May afternoon. The parks are especially pleasant places to go to now, since the hard-boiled egg season has not yet arrived, nor has the peanut shell come to clutter up the fresh, green sod. There was grass-cutting going on in the park the day I was there, and everyone knows how fragrant the air is where grass-cutting is going on.

When I first saw the grandmother, she was walking alone. She was a sturdy, squarely-built figure, and she was walking sturdily along the pathway at the foot of a gently-sloping hillside. On this hillside were four children. The eldest, a girl, might, perhaps, have been 6 or 7 years old. The youngest was a boy baby just able to run about. There were two other boys between. They were enjoying themselves with a swing, and though their grandmother was apart from them, she was keeping close watch and guard.

Presently one of the boys called, "Grandma, come and swing me. Grandma came without a murmur and found her work cut out and ready. She swung, and swung, and "swang" those children with untiring arms and unfailing patience, and while she swung them, turn and turn about, she answered all sorts and kinds of questions, presented in an endless chain. When they were tired of swinging, she sat down on one of the benches with the children clustered 'round about, and went on with her continuous performance of entertaining.

Her manner was a pretense of severity, of which the children were not in the least afraid. They mobbed her in a body, walked over her and sat upon her, all of which she permitted without a dissenting vote.

This sort of thing continued until the children's young mother arrived, accompanied by a still younger woman, who looked as if she might be an aunt to the babies. She was a bouncing sort of a young woman. She walked with a long, strong stride and seemed to be glad she was living.

"Get into the swing and I'll swing you," she called to the little girl child. The girl child could not get into the swing quick enough to please herself, but she got there as quick as she could, and soon she was sweeping back and forth in the air, having one of the times of her life. Then the bouncing young woman made a fatal error. She gave the swing a mighty push that sent it sailing high, while she ran under it and cavorted away like a colt. All was not as she had intended. The girl child was not prepared for so wild and sudden a flight and slipped from the swing, though she clung to the ropes, screaming in terror. She touched ground violently. Grandmother was there to the rescue. She lifted the child into the safe haven of her strong arms, and then turned on the bouncing young woman.

"Ain't you got no sense?" she demanded in a tone of voice that had fists in it. "Ain't you got no sense?" she repeated, witheringly. "Go on away," she commanded.

"She ain't hurt none," the young woman said in self-defense.

"'Tisn't your fault she isn't," Grandma flung back. "Ain't you got no sense?" She seemed implacable, and it looked as if the bouncing young woman would have to "hide out" for a while.

The atmosphere threatened thunder and lightning, and before the full storm broke, I went quietly away. After a short time, from a safe distance, I turned to look back. Apparently calm had been restored. The two young women were sitting together, while a little way apart, grandmother had all the children, and the children had all of grandmother. To all appearances, she was not casting a dissenting vote.

MY RESEARCH among grandmothers brought to my mind log cabin folk, probably because I know of one grandmother who came from a log cabin.

Log cabin folk are getting to be few and far between, at least they are in this part of the country, and it is seldom we "meet up" with this kind. The log cabin folk that came to my mind are man and wife, who have traveled together through many years, until they have become grandfather and grandmother, though you would never dream of calling them aged persons. They are "in it," in every sense of the term, and they are people whom everyone likes to have around. Prosperity, health and happiness, their appearance spells.

The way I knew they came from a log cabin was by the stories they told one evening when I was there to listen. They were stories of early days on the farm, and of things that happened in the log cabin where the grandmother lived, and where, for some reason, there was a stick chimney which frequently needed "putting out" when it was set ablaze from the fire on the hearth below. There was a long stick provided for this purpose, which was kept standing by the fireside, and it was the joy and delight of the children, when it came time to "put out" the chimney. Many another tale they told of log cabin life, and for everyone themselves included, there was a good laugh in the tales while they told them.

Some way, judging from these two log cabin people, and from a few others I have come in contact with, I have a theory that from the log cabins come good, strong, healthy minded people, who make the world better wherever they are among those present.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters sent to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself:

SUNDAY

As the saying goes, "It is never too late to do good."—Grandma True, Ohio.

MONDAY

I have so much to do, I do not think there is either beginning or ending to my work, but I do what I can, and if I cannot get it all done, it will have to go over till another day.—Nervy, West Virginia.

TUESDAY

The duty we owe to others is not always a financial duty. There are many who are hungry for disinterested friendship, for kindness, for human companionship.

WEDNESDAY

Often a soft answer turneth away wrath, but harsh words only kindle anger.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Virginia.

THURSDAY

If any of you are troubled with the "blues," I wish you would try this recipe: Take a walk to one of your good friends; one who is full of fun. Do not tell her anything about how you feel, and when you get home you will feel the better for going.—Happy Mother, Michigan.

FRIDAY

I am a lover of home and family, and I think the most ennobling work a woman can do is to be a home maker and a good mother.—Content, Pennsylvania.

SATURDAY

It is not always easy to be good, but it pays.—Dorothy Brown, Tennessee.

STRAWBERRY TIME

Much obliged to the June Harper's Bazar for these strawberry things.:

STRAWBERRY PUDDING

Beat the yolks of four eggs very light with a cupful of powdered sugar, add a quart of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat in thoroughly a cupful of fine dried bread crumbs, and pour all into a buttered pudding-dish. Set in the oven and bake until set. Remove to the door of the oven and spread over the top of the pudding a layer of ripe, sugared strawberries, and cover these with a meringue made of the whites of four eggs beaten with a half cupful of sugar. Return to the oven to color light brown. Eat with powdered sugar and cream.

CREAM STRAWBERRY PIE

Line a pie plate with a puff paste and fill with strawberries. Strew these thickly with sugar. Put a top crust on the pie, first rubbing the edge of the lower crust and the under edge of the upper crust with butter to prevent their sticking. Bake to a light brown. When cold, lift the cover of the pie and put under this top crust a great cupful of whipped cream. Replace the crust and sprinkle this with powdered sugar.

If you go up in the air like a rocket about anything, you always come down like a stick.

A GREAT LITTLE WOMAN

ONE of the much-written of American women is Sophie Wright, a tiny, frail woman of the south, who is known as Saint Sophie of New Orleans. Her claim to fame and honor comes from her having spent her life in helping others. "Everything for them; nothing at all for me," has been the lifetime motto which she has used, not in theory, but in practice.

The most recent story I have seen about her is in Human Life for June, and is written by Ada Patterson. It begins:

A woman has been proclaimed "The Best Citizen of New Orleans." A woman with those qualities of sweetness and patience in her face that reflect sainthood; a cripple with hair white as new fallen snow, its whiteness the outward sign of inward suffering; a poor woman who works hard every day for her bread and that of others who look to her for it; handicapped by sex, by weakness, by pain, she has been honored by the city's declaration that she has done more for its welfare than any other person. It was a great honor to a great woman—a great little woman, for she is tiny whom New Orleans calls its "Saint Sophie," tiny and frail of body, but with a spirit high and strong, and moveless as a mountain peak. She is living proof when self is buried deep, what flower of fragrant living grows upon its grave.

Miss Sophie Wright has helped New Orleans by banishing the ignorance of its poor. She founded its free night schools. Working each day in a school which is the means of support for herself and family, she teaches every night for three hours the 1,500 men and boys, fellow laborers who must work by day for the bread of their bodies but whom the school offers bread for their minds and souls. For 26 years, since she was a pallid, overworked little school teacher of 18, Miss Wright has maintained this school. Thousands have gone forth from it better citizens. Hundreds have gone thence along the highway of prosperity where her night school set their feet. Even those who have been able to attend the school but a few months have carried its uplifting, refining influence into their poor homes as we carry a lamp into a dark room.

But this work by day and toil by night have not been enough to employ the dynamic mind and fill the many-chambered heart of Saint Sophie of New Orleans. Moved by memories of her own shadowed childhood, she has established a Home for Incurable Crippled Children. And the Home for Convalescents has been fostered and

MISS SOPHIE WRIGHT.

kept alive by her active and tender care.

Continuing, the story tells how Miss Sophie began with a small day school for girls at a tuition of 50 cents a month; how it grew to be a big one, and how from this girls' school sprang the Free Night School of New Orleans. The incident which brought the night school into being was this:

One evening the bell rang sharply at the gate of the school home. The little teacher, opening it, found there a sturdy young man, roughly dressed, yet with clean-cut features and intelligent eyes.

"Excuse me, ma'am." He took off a ragged hat. "Are you teacher?"

"Yes," came the smiling answer. "I am Teacher."

"I belonged to the circus that was stranded. Maybe you saw our tents down there on the flats? I was their acrobat. Well, that job's gone and I'm promised one in the civil service if I can just pass the examination. I saw the sign 'Day School for Girls.' but I hoped—maybe—you could think of something."

The little school mistress stood leaning upon her crutch. The head whereon the brown hair was already showing silver threads was bent. The full white brow was gathered in a knot of concentration. A street car whizzed past—as fast as they whizz in New Orleans. As its bell clanged softly the school mistress looked up and smiled.

"Come in," she said. "We will begin this evening."

That was the beginning of the free night schools of New Orleans. The young man brought a friend, who, like himself, needed a few months' schooling to "get a better job." These young men brought others. The school grew to a yearly membership of 1,500. A third of the pupils are from 8 to 12 years old. Another third are from 12 to 17. The final third are from 17 to 40 years of age. Fathers come to the school with their sons, saying that they don't want their boys to grow up and be ashamed of their father because he knows less than they do. A fourth of the pupils are of foreign birth. There are Cubans, French, Polish, Bulgarians, Scandinavians, and Italian names upon the roll of the night schools. Some of them come to school in rags. Saint Sophie's tender, bright eyes do not seem to see those rags. But they always see whether the pupil is clean. She insists that faces and hands be cleaned and hair brushed. She tells the pupils that she has noticed that when hair is tangled ideas are likely to be tangled.

"You find in this school heroic lives," Saint Sophie once said of her boys. "In some cases my boys are the only support of their families and they make great sacrifices. Many of the boys come direct from work to school without having had their suppers. Many walk four and five miles to school. One of the boys had a splendid position offered him, but by accepting it, he would have had to leave his mother dependent upon others. He refused the offer. He is supporting his mother by his day work and coming to the night school. There are many instances as fine."

Sophie Wright's whole life is made up of "fine instances," and I wonder, when we read with so much interest and admiration the records of a great life like this; when we applaud it and laud it, why it is that more of us do not go the same way, and help to abolish the ignorance which, in so many cases, is the root of sin and suffering. We might do much to help, in a small way, if we would. The pity of it is, women like Sophie Wright are so rare that when one arises she becomes a celebrity.

Much obliged to Human Life and Ada Patterson for the picture and the story.—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

THE STARLESS CROWN

Author Unknown.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstacy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from every clime were there.
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang, "the glory his alone."

But fairer far than all besides I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed in me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.
And such Thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but for Him who died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

MEMORY'S TEAR

By Mrs. F. D. Gage.

He sang the same old melody,
My father used to sing—
When at eve I rocked on his knee,
In childhood's merry spring.
Ah, I was light and gleeful then,
And knew no care or fear—
That song brought childhood back again,
And call up mem'ry's tear.

Then mother sitting by his knee,
Kept time with needles bright,
And joined her soft, sweet voice to his;
I see her there tonight;
Each face, each form, each hallowed spot,
Is to my heart still dear,
And seems to say, "Forget-me-not,"
And calls up mem'ry's tear,
And calls up mem'ry's tear.

I would not be a child again,
Oh no, oh no, not I—
And yet I love to think it o'er
And live the days gone by;
The new is beautiful and bright,
And full of love and cheer,
But let me for the past, tonight,
Drop mem'ry's sacred tear,
But let me for the past, tonight,
Drop mem'ry's sacred tear.

Then sing again that song to me,
Touch mem'ry's sounding strings,
Each note calls back some long lost hours,
Some sweet affection brings;
Then sing for me the melody
My mother loved to hear,
My heart throbs high with faith and hope,
My eye drops mem'ry's tear;
My heart throbs high with faith and hope,
My eye drops mem'ry's tear.

JUST TRY IT AND SEE

Author Unknown.

You can, if you're willing, help others along.
Just try it and see.
A smile often leads to a laugh or a song.
For joy is contagious and lasting and strong.
Think only of gladness, and then you will find
That you have a power to help all mankind.
Just try it and see.

Speak pleasantly always, and you will be blest.
Just try it and see.
Harsh words are a hind'rance and cause you unrest;
They stop your endeavor to do what is best.
Thus, thinking and speaking, if thoughtfully done,
Bring sunshine and gladness to every one.
Just try it and see.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD

Author Unknown.

At home or away, in the valley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy, that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "It is some mother's child."

CHORUS.

Some mother's child, some mother's child,
My heart echoes softly,
"It is some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child."

No matter how deep he is sunken in sin,
No matter how much he is shunned by his kin,
No matter how foul is his fountain of joy,
Though guilty and loathsome he is some mother's boy.

That head had been pillowed on tenderest breast,
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed,
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild,
For her sake deal gently, with some mother's child.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR

Isaac Watts.

When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

Then I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Author Unknown.

Baby is sleeping so cozy and fair,
While mother sits near in her old oaken chair;
Her foot on the rocker, the cradle she swings,
And though baby slumbers, he hears what she sings.

Grandma sits knitting close by the fireplace,
With snowy white hair, and a smile on her face;
The years have passed by, yet it does not seem long,
Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.

Dear little baby, their joy and their pride,
Long may he be with them, whatever betide;
The kitchen, the cradle, that tender refrain,
In memory will linger that lullaby strain.

CHORUS.

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.
Oh, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near,
Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear,
For angels of slumber are hovering near,
So rock-a-bye baby, mother is here.

POEMS REQUESTED

A song inquired for is Take Back Your Gold. A part of the chorus is this: "Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me."

A poem entitled The New Way to Religion, is asked for. The following is the first of it:

Today I've been to meeting, John,
To hear the parson preach.

The memorial poem with these words is wanted:

Lover them over, those brothers of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

ON THE HEIGHTS

I will tell the members of the Cozy Corner how my friend and I once enjoyed an excursion without going far from home. Our town is surrounded by a chain of beautiful hills. Far out beyond one of these we walked one day to a field where long, soft grasses grew. In this field were a number of huge rocks. One of these formed a large platform under a spreading oak. In turn we each mounted this, while the other served as audience and tried the strength of our voices in the open air by declaiming a piece. In that of my friend was a quotation from America. When she came to the lines,

"Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong."

her gesture, including the rocks, gave force to the meaning.

I think it is a good plan when going for a walk to take something good to read, or to draw from the storehouse of memory for some fine sentiment to associate with the beautiful surroundings. My friend, who is a lover of good thoughts, and has given some attention to elocution, had memorized a beautiful selection called, The Uplands of the Spirit, in which were these lines:

"I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away;
The very cliffs that wall me round,
Are ladders unto higher ground."

Later, we came out on the summit of one of the hills overlooking our valley. It comamnded a wide view, though not so awe-inspiring as the rugged grandeur of mountain scenery. There were the beautiful curves and graceful, undulating lines of the smooth, grass-grown hills. Roads, old and new, wound among them. Not the least picturesque feature of the landscape were the old roads and the old rail fences. Hill, wood and field repeated itself. There were hilltops receding behind each other in the blue distance, unless intercepted by a hill higher than our own. Our horizon was almost a circle; the sky that summer day a vast, blue dome.

I notice that those who live among the mountains, whether they ascend to the higher, purer atmosphere of the summits, or view them from below, feel in them a sense of companionship that leads them in spirit to higher things.

The article my friend had memorized in part was from a chapter of a book called Bits of Wayside Gospel. It told of the author's vacation in Wisconsin and of a day spent on the Blue Mounds, a comparatively slight elevation. From this viewpoint and new surroundings the author's mind became receptive to great truths. He tried to impart his experience to a farmer he met by the roadside who said he was born, and had lived under the shadow of the Blue Mounds all his life, but had never climbed to their summits. Yet there it was, with its new outlook, waiting for him to enjoy its beauty. The thought given was that there are heights accessible to every human soul.

The article told also of a lad who, on being transplanted from city to country and finding his much loved patch of sky had become a vast blue, arching dome, exclaimed in rapture: "How much sky there is!"

From this we were taught that it does us all good to know how much sky there is over us.

Another thought was that the view of the mountain top, not the view of the valley, is the true view of God's providence. Above us was the all-embracing sky, typical of God's love and care. By associating these thoughts with our walk we had a bit of wayside gospel, and with the thought that the higher experiences of life shed a halo about its routine duties we came down into the valley and everyday life once more.

"We cannot on the heights remain,
Our friends, our duties, call below;
And with the higher vision given,
Obedient to their claims we go."

Or, if you prefer, is this:

"We cannot on the heights remain,
Our friends, our duties, call us down;
And all the inspiration gained,
We'll need when we get back to town."
—Aunt Florence, Ohio.

"DEAR SISTER MIC HIGAN"

As usual, I turned first to the Household page of our latest Blade, and your lovely letter was the first thing I read. It was so cheery and pleasant, I thought I would give you a cheerful word in return. I am a partial invalid and such a breezy, out-of-door letter makes me feel fine.

You must treat your calf as the old farmer did his cow: "Like a lady." I only hope it will prove to be more sensible and not kick when you are not looking. Please write again. I hope your 18 cents will multiply fast for your automobile.—Caddie.

FROM NERVY

I have stayed away as long as I can, so here I am, knocking for admittance this cold, rainy day, April 21. Things have not changed much in our home since I last visited you, but I love the Cozy Corner as much as ever, and I always read it and the Poets' Corner first of all.

I have six small children to care for, and when we are all at home we have a family of 10, so you see I have to hustle. It is garden-making time again, and we are all busy at work preparing for another crop. I do my own work with my children's help, so I am not bothered with the servant problem. I want to raise turkeys, geese and chickens this summer. I want to raise a good garden, also, and some flowers. As we are poor, I have to economize in everything. I cut down all old clothing and make garments for my little ones. I milk three cows. I sell butter and eggs and buy groceries. This is a nice country to live in. We live in Roane county, near the little village of Uler. It is mostly a farming country, though there is a big oil boom here now.

What has become of Otach? I should like to hear from her again. I don't think I could tell the sisters of anything that would help them with their work. I have so much to do, I do not think there is either beginning or ending to my work, but I do what I can, and if I cannot get it all done, it has to go over till another day.

I am a farmer's wife. There is plenty of hard work to do on a farm, but I think it is the best place to live. I know that I would not like to live in a city. I like to live where there are flowers and plenty of fresh vegetables to use. I will close for this time, wishing the editor long life and a happy time.—Nervy, West irginia.

Thank you, Nervy, I'll do my best.—Elizabeth.

Peach stains may be easily removed by soaking in sweet milk an hour before washing.

OUR CORRESPONDNTS.

At the present time of writing, I beg to report glorious weather and a circus in town. Can you beat it?

How are your gardens doing?

Letters received during the past week for the C. C. are from Mrs. Alice Dunbar, Indiana, Sister, Mrs. Freeman Slater, A. M. F., and Indiana Farm Wife.

Here are some things you are requested to do: Sign your real names to your letters, write of pleasant things, if possible, write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope, and KEEP UP YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS! This page is going to be better and better, because I am getting better and better letters all the time, and they help me to steer the ship.—Elizabeth.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

One of our friends would like to know what Brussels sprouts are good for and how to cook them. One thing they are "good for," is ready money, as they are sold by the quart and are one of the most expensive of vegetables—or fruits—on the market. To be quite perfect, they should not be larger than an English walnut. They are seasonable in the fall and early winter, and are the most delicate of all the cabbage species.

In Mrs. Rorer's Vegetable Cookery book is this way to cook them:

Trim neatly and soak in cold water for an hour; throw into boiling salted water and cook in an uncovered vessel for 30 minutes. Drain in a colander. If they lose their color and turn a sort of yellowish green and become soft they have been cooked too long. They should be a bright green and very delicate. Turn them into a heated dish and pour over either plain melted butter, white sauce, or sauce Hollandaise.

White sauce is made in this way:

Two tablespoonfuls butter, two of flour, one half pint milk, one half teaspoonful salt, and a dash of pepper Rub the butter and flour together; add the milk cold. Stand the saucepan over the fire and stir continually until it reaches the boiling point; take from the fire, and add the salt and pepper. Strain through a gravy strainer.

Sauce Hollandaise — Four tablespoonfuls butter, two of flour, one half pint boiling water, four tablespoonfuls vinegar, one slice of onion, one bay leaf, a little celery seed, yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful salt, and a dash of pepper. Put the vinegar, the onion, celery seed, bay leaf and pepper into a small saucepan. Let it boil until reduced one half; strain and stand it away to cool. Rub two tablespoonfuls of the butter and the flour together; add the boiling water and stir over the fire until it thoroughly boils. Take from the fire and add the remaining quanity of butter cut into bits. Stir this carefully to prevent the butter from becoming oily; add the vinegar and strain at once into a saucepan. This is usually served warm, not hot.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

"Good night," and "good morning," are lovely words to have around loose in the family.

Courtesy costs nothing and brings much in return.

If you have a happy feeling, pass it on.

Forget to talk about the sickness and sorrow you have had. They are your property, and you need not try to prove ownership by talking about them after they are over. No one wants to take them away from you.

We think too much of ourselves; therefore, more often than not, it is ourselves that make us unhappy.

There is none so ignorant as the one who thinks he knows it all.

Before you scoff at what others are doing, be very sure you can do as well yourself.

Unless your soul comes awake you will walk in darkness all the days of your life.

It is never safe to get prideful. There is always some one who can do something better than we can, but if we do the best we can, that is the best we can do.

Each one acts according to his light. We may think our light is brighter than others, and we may be much mistaken. Go slow with your judgments.

Have patience with yourself and try again, no matter how many times you may think you fail.

A good deed is a good deed, any day in the week.

Smile and look pleasant.

This is all for today.

SHE KNEW

"What is that, mama?" inquired small Brenhilda. "It is a grasshopper," answered her mother. A few moments later the little girl came running to her mother and said: "You made a mistake, mama; it is a flower-hopper."—The Delineator for June.

Wonderful Bargain

Hyde-Grade Cloth Petticoat

98c

Just in order to thoroughly demonstrate to ladies everywhere that our mail order department offers greater bargains than any house in the United States we will send this beautiful serviceable petticoat to any address upon receipt of only 98c. This petticoat is made of the world famed unequalled Hyde-Grade Cloth, made with full circular flounces with rows of shirring and six pin tucks, finished with six inch silk embroidered ruffle in exquisite eyelet design. The very latest style and a marvel of beauty. Colors: Gray, Tan, Green, Rose, Lavender, Brown, Copenhagen, Navy, also Black. Send waist measure and length.

50c Swiss Embroidery Flouncing, 29c a Yard

Finest quality Swiss Embroidery flouncing, 18 inches wide, with 6 inch embroidery work—pretty, dainty English eyelet and floral pattern, exactly like illustration. This wide flouncing is particularly adaptable for making of waists, dresses and petticoats. Being extra good quality, will not pull out in washing. Will give lasting service and satisfaction. Excellent value at 50c but we will send this **extraordinary bargain** at 29c a yard to any address. **We Pay All Express Charges.**

Send for our monthly bargain bulletin brimfull of tremendous bargains of every imaginable kind of goods that affords a saving of from 30% to 60% and even 100% on your necessities. Our policy of money back if not satisfied has made ours the largest department store in Ohio. Our mail order department offers the same money saving advantages as are daily offered on our store counters. Make all remittances by currency, Post Office or Express Money orders and address

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MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today, we have a new kind of descriptive letter. You may take my word for it; it is good.—Elizabeth.

Dear Merry-go-Rounders—As descriptive letters are called for, I will tell you of one of my recent trips. The most peculiar thing about it is that it is an imaginary trip—it could not possibly be otherwise, for it was a trip to the moon.

I will not attempt to tell you this time how we overcame the gravity of the earth, or how we carried our supplies of food, water and air; for you know these very necessary things are not obtainable on the moon.

As soon as we arrived, our party of six with our trusted guide, Mr. Astronomy, started out on our explorations. There were no trees, no grass, no flowers, no streams of water—nothing but dry rocky soil and great mountains with deep, deep craters.

One of the largest of these mountains, Mount Copernicus, we climbed. It was very hot, there being no atmosphere to break the great heat of the sun, but climbing was not so hard after all, for the moon being so much smaller than the earth—50 times smaller—the gravity is 50 times less, and we could jump much higher than we can on the earth. How we could jump! nearly 100 feet up in the—I had almost said "air," up into space. It would not take many jumps like that to take one to the top of a mountain.

When we reached the top we prepared some lunch. All we had to do when we wanted to cook anything was to set it out on a piece of flat rock, the sun did the rest. It did not take long to boil water. If this had been anything but an imaginary visit, we could never have stood the heat.

Daylight lasts about two weeks, but owing to the lack of atmosphere there is no blue sky, the sky is black and overspread with stars even at midday. There is no twilight, the sun suddenly bursts forth and, at the end of the two weeks' day, as suddenly gives place to night. Nothing can be seen in the shade, it is all intense darkness. If we turn our backs to the sun, our faces could not be seen, but when our earth appeared in view! What a wonderful sight! a great ball of light 50 times as large as the moon appears to us now!

We had quite a jolly feast up on the mountain top. There were no flies in the butter, no ants in the sugar, and no fear of a shower coming up. We had to talk to each other in sign language as there was no air to conduct sound. Yes, we were royally entertained by the "man in the moon" for nearly two weeks, earth time, then we began making preparations for our journey home, for we did not want night to overtake us there, no indeed! There would be nothing to keep us warm and the temperature falls to 200 degrees below zero.

There are many more things I could tell you of this wonderful trip, which is really not so wonderful as my trips to some of the planets where beautiful flowers bloom and real people live, but I will stop before you grow weary.

You are all invited to take a trip on the comet with,—Only a Girl, Michigan.

I have been a reader of The Blade for many years—from the time of the Nasby letters on down to the present I have been a silent reader of the M. G. R. and have seen the old-timers drop out and others take their places. With regret I bade adieu to the departing and welcomed new members with a heart throb. I never attempted to join the charmed circle until this bright morning, which finds me a little lonely and in need of the fellowship of the kindred spirits I know exist among this merry band. Please extend a welcoming hand, and may a little heart wave of kindness and fellowship be sped along with the friendly greeting.

I would like to know you all, personally, and maybe sometime I may meet and know some of you. I hope so, at least.

I shall not attempt in this, my first letter, to give a description of my little mountain home, as the scenes are familiar to a great many readers of The Blade. I will submit these introductory remarks and if they are not deemed worthy a place in our circle, may they not entirely fail of their mission, as they have taken a little of the homesickness from the heart of the writer, in the writing. Wishing you all every happiness, I remain, with love and best wishes.—Gay Conley, West Virginia.

I have been an interested, although a silent reader of The Blade, for a number of years, and have been greatly interested in the M. G. R. circle. I love to read the letters, especially those describing the different home towns. I will tell you a little about my home town, Port Angeles, which means Port of the Angels. Do you not think it a very pretty name? The town is as pretty as the name. It is situated on the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The scenery is beautiful. We have the Olympic Mountains on the south and the east; woodlands on the west, and the beautiful blue straits on the north. The mountains are snow-capped nearly all the year and are very magnificent in the winter at sunrise and sunset, when the red glow of the sun falls on them.

Well, I do not want you to wish that I hadn't written, so I will close for this time. I will sign my real name.—Elsie A. Dorr, Washington.

Dear Editor and the M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a black-eyed girl of 16 into your happy circle? I have read the letters in The Blade for two years with much interest, but not seeing any from this county, thought I would write. I live among the West Virginia hills and think they are very beautiful. I enjoy reading the letters very much and think the motto is fine. I am too late for the suffrage question, but for my part I think women should not vote at national elections.

How many of the M. G. R.'s who are not too old like to go to school? I do and expect to become a teacher some time myself. Juanita and Paulita, I would like to see you. As this is my first letter, I will make it short, but if it is printed I will write again. With love and best wishes to all, good-bye.—Tulip.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been greatly interested in your letters and thought I would ask admittance. I have been a reader of the dear old Blade for several years. I live in the grand old state of West Virginia. I have never had the pleasure of visiting any other state. I have visited a number of the counties of tis state and have visited the state capital, which is a nice place. The county in which we live is a great oil producing county.

I am somewhat like "Ene," "Toledo." I enjoy a game of baseball, as we played quite a bit at school last winter. As this is my first letter, I will not write much. Perhaps I'll come again and tell you something about the county in which we live.

With best wishes to the M. G. R.'s, I'll sign my name.—Betsy of West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Here's what I have this morning: A pleasant day, pleasant letters from my people, and pleasant feelings. Isn't it great?—Elizabeth.

Everything is serene in the M. G. R. department and everyone I hear from seems well and happy.

Letters just received are from Clyde of Alabama, D. E. W., and Leonore.

HE HAD DONE ENOUGH

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story told well till a dried-up-looking voter came to the front.

"I'll be darned if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."—From Success Magazine.

Children's Letters

I am a girl nine years old. We live in Edwards, New York. My papa is a farmer. My mamma and papa and I were on a visit to Toledo last winter at my auntie's. Her name is Mrs. Sopha Oirich. She is a lady Macabee. There is a hive in Toledo named the Sophia Hive, after her. Papa and I went to Walbridge park. I shook hands with the dear, little monkey. I like the children's letters.—Flossie Sophia Miller.

Dear Boys and Girls—Today I wrote a little story for my grammar class. My story was of Mary and Jesus. I will send a similar story to you. It is a character sketch.

One day as I was walking in a beautiful garden, I saw a young mother leaning against a tree with a little babe in her arms. The mother's eyes were as blue as the sky. Her hair was brown. She wore a long red cloak that fell from her shoulders to her feet. Upon her feet were sandals. As the babe stirred in her arms, she began to sing a carol, which as I listened, seemed to me as a carol of the angels. Her voice was sweet and low.

When the carol ended, the babe had gone back to sleep. She knelt down to pray, the babe still in her arms. A noise attracted my attention. I turned my head. When I looked again for the young mother, the light had faded away and I woke to find it only a dream.—Brown-Eyed Dot, Ohio.

I am a little girl living in Oklahoma seven and a half miles east of the town of Alva, the county seat of Woods county. We live on the main run from Alva to Ingersoll. It is a fine road for automobiles. My papa has an automobile. I love to ride in it. We have two Jersey cows and several horses. I have one pet kitty and I call her Pinkie. I also have a papa, mamma, a little baby brother named Leo, who is five months old, and one two years old named Rex, and a little sister aged four, named Gerty, and several large brothers and sisters.

My name is Flossie. I wrote to you once before but I guess the letter got lost. If this appears in print I shall come again. My papa has taken The Blade for years.—Flossie Strickland.

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The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

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SENATOR LA FOLLETE CALLS FOR LOWER RATE ON TICKETS

Washington, May 25.—"There is not one line in the statutes to give to the people reasonable railroad rates," declared Senator La Follette in the senate today. "All that has been accomplished," he said, "is to afford a means of giving equal rates to shippers."

The interest of the shipper was by no means the interest of the general public, he asserted. He declared the people generally were as much entitled to gain as the shippers. Forty years ago the fight was begun with that end in view, he said, and it was a much a fight against extortion as against discrimination, but in the former respect there had been an utter failure.

With a huge chart to show the relative choice of the various railroad "groups" the Wisconsin senator spoke in support of the Cummins amendment to the railroad bill, requiring the prior approval by the interstate commerce commission of increases in railroad rates.

"The interstate commerce commission is engaged in a mere child's play," said Mr. La Follette, adding that it was so hedged about that it could not effectively deal with the problem. "The rules of the senate seem to be so formed as to prevent one from speaking the truth. The railroads have been having their way for 40 years. We have the sins of many congresses to atone for before we permit this bill to pass from our hands."

While the rate regulation provision of the President's original bill was in the public interest, Mr. La Follette said, the provision had been modified by Senators Aldrich and Elkins wholly in the interests of the railroads.

Since January 1, he said, the rates on wool from St. Louis and Duluth to New York had increased 17 and 18 per cent; on grain and grain products domestic from St. Louis to New York, 18 per cent, and from Chicago to New York, 30 per cent; fresh meats from Missouri river points to Chicago, 16 per cent; Missouri river points to East St. Louis, 23 per cent, and the rates on horses and mules between St. Paul and La Crosse, 10 per cent.

Out of a multitude of rates to become effective June 1 he cited the following increases: Agricultural implements, Chicago to St. Paul, 13½ per cent; brick, St. Paul to Chicago, 16 2-3 per cent; cement, St. Paul to Chicago, 25 per cent; harness (C. L.), St. Paul to Chicago, 15 per cent; hides, green salt, St. Paul to Chicago, 24.3 per cent; paints, Chicago to St. Paul, 15.4 per cent; wagons, Lake City, Minn., to St. Louis, 14.4 per cent; wool, St. Paul to Chicago, 15 per cent. Instead of these increases, he said, the rates should have been decreased.

GLENN CURTISS BREAKS AVIATION RECORD

Flies From Albany to New York in Two Hours and Forty-six Minutes.

New York, May 29.—Glenn H. Curtiss, until today known as the aviator who captured the international trophy at Rheims, arose from the tide flats of Van Rensselaer Island, at Albany, at 7.03 o'clock this morning in the smallest biplane that has figured seriously in the world's great flights, sped upward to a heihgt of 1,000 feet, maintained it for 40 miles, swung then over the Catskills at a far greater height, once attaing a maximum of almost 5,000 feet, dropped down above the Hudson waters for another 40 miles, and landed finally at Governor's Island at noon. He had covered 150 miles in an actual flying time of 2 hours and 46 minutes.

The flight, which sets a new mark in the conquest of the air, was made through a territory presenting a great variety of perils, far greater than any other stretch that aviators have tried. Side canons, high cliffs, eddying currents and reverse currents shooting out of gulches into the Hudson valley all played their part. One stretch made Curtiss fight every inch of his way, while his tiny craft tossed and pitched like a yacht in a hurricane. Through the difficult places, which include the treacherous Storm King Pass, Curtiss pumped oil into his craft so plentifully that a long blue haze hung out behind him, fanning itself into shape behind, like a comet's tail.

The trip was broken in two places, once at Camelot, near Poughkeepsie, for gasoline and once at Two Hundred and Fourteenth street and Broadway, where a stop was made for oil.

Made Fast Time.

The total time of Curtiss' flight through the 150 miles of his trip was 2 hours and 44 minutes. He started from Albany at 7:03 o'clock in the morning, concluded the flight at 12 o'clock sharp, and spent 1 hour 4 minutes resting near Poughkeepsie, and 1 hour 7 minutes resting at Two Hundred and Fourteenth street, while he replenished his reservoir with oil. The New York Central's fastest train, the Twentieth Century Limited, would make the same run, minus the distance from Forty-second street, to Governor's Island in 3 hours 8 minutes, which is 22 minutes longer than the time consumed by Curtiss.

Curtiss' average speed was 54.18 miles an hour, which is equal to a mile in every minute and six seconds. He used a single propeller having a driving power of 350 pounds through mere air resistance. The machine was forced forward by an engine whose eight large cylinders worked without a missed stroke for entire distance. The engine was of 50-horsepower, the most powerful Curtiss has ever built.

He did not adhere altogether to his announced intention of hugging the river all the way along. Instead he divided his trip into four sections, in each of which he used tactics of a vastly different nature. As he took the air from Van Rensselaer's Island he went directly to the river's center, climbed 1,000 feet above it and remained there as if a fixed object, not varying from absolutely level planes.

Just a Speck in Sky.

It had been pre-arranged that a white flag, swung from the top of a building of the Standard Oil Co.'s plant by one of Mr. Curtiss' mechanics would signal the Times special train to start even with the aeroplane. The Twentieth Century train had just whizzed past when the white flag loomed up in its expected position. The aeroplane soon shot upward and was off. The train crew had been warned that the rival in the air could do 50 miles.

They had smiled and been incredulous. Before the engineer had fairly got the throttle open and the train was creeping on to the main track, the aeroplane was ahead, a mere speck in the southern sky, and one could fairly feel the train gather speed as it bent inself to its task of catching up. For four miles the road ran through trees and only now and then could the speck in the sky be seen.

The train soon was gaining, and it was good news to all who watched. Soon it was doing its best, and the black speck in the sky became a speck with a sharply defined maltese cross in the rear. Then the plane differentiated themselves and the allerons between them took a normal shape. Gradually the brigher varnish of the spruce uprights showed forth against the black balloon cloth covering the planes. It was not until the Catskill mountain house loomed against the western sky that he shifted his position.

It was a thrilling sight to watch the aeroplane battle with the aerial vortex as Curtiss pulled up over Old Storm King mountain, near West Point. There he pitched and tossed like a ship in an angry sea. The treachery of this spot is known to weather experts, and Curtiss had been told of this danger.

In Dangerous Position.

As he hit the mixed currents his machine at first wavered, now slacking up, and again jumping with jerks that showed the daring aviator was in a perilous current, but his perfect control of the machine righted it at each curve without trobule.

He made many 40 and 50-foot jumps up and down out of Storm King. At 9:50 he took a long, sidewise drive across the river, to the left of the Times special, for the first time. He sailed over West Point in a westernly slanting drive, lurching badly, but always going ahead in spite of difts.

He steadied himself over the West Point commandant's house and arose, sailing beautifully, to take the Peekskill highlands. He dropped almost to the water at Iona island, passing to the left of the powder works tower and waved to Mrs. Curtiss on the Times' special train.

It was smooth sailing for him as he sped onward to the second stopping place at 214th street and Broadway. There he spent another hour, fueling and inspecting his machine, when at 11:42 he started on his last swing. The flags were hanging limp against their staffs on Governor's Island and the Battery waterfront when Curtiss swung near Miss Liberty at her exclusive little home and then came gently to rest on the romantic old military island.

The day that is to link the names of Hudson, Fulton and Curtiss could hardly have been improved on had it been made to order.

DRIVE JEWS INTO EXILE

Poverty Stricken People Are Sent Forth Without Money or Future Prospects.

St. Petersburg, May 26.—The exodus of Jewish families from Kiev has begun. The total departures from that city up to last night were 300 proscribed families belonging exclusively to the poorest classes. The expulsion is attended with harrowing sights.

The exodus is compulsory, and in fulfillment of the order of the Russian government that all Jews who cannot establish a legal claim to residence outside the pale return forthwith to the confines defined in the original Jewish segregation law. The pale was formed by the Polish provinces and the Ukraine.

The secnes in the streets of Kiev yesterday were affecting. The evicted ones were veritable paupers, lacking all means of sustenance. For the moment the Jewish families possessing some means were undisturbed.

Throughout the day a struggling train of wagons passed out the city gates, carrying the miserable household effects of the banished. All was confusion. Sobbing women clinging to their little ones and sad-faced men were alike escorted outside the town limits and told to return to the places of their birth.

A different procedure is adopted toward the Jews who have some wealth. They, however, are put to great expense, being obliged to return to their native towns to secure new permits for a visit to Kiev on the grounds of urgent personal business. These permits are issued for limited terms, and so require frequent renewal at the mercy of the police officials.

The authorities explain that part of the number being expelled are recent arrivals in Kiev, and that the expulsion is an annual occurrence following the customary spring influx of Jews from surrounding localities who are trying to gain a foothold in Kiev.

The authorities add that heretofore many of the incoming Jews have succeeded in gaining a residence through connivance with minor police officials, but that this year strict orders have been given that each case be thoroughly investigated.

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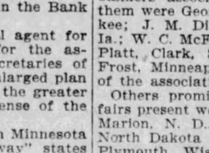

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FUMES ARE FATAL

Founder of Carnegie Trust Dies After Mysterious Explosion.

New York, May 25.—Charles Courter Dickinson, former president of the Carnegie Trust Co., author on many financial subjects and largely known in the financial world, died yesterday in a hospital here as a result of inhaling noxious gases following an explosion in a chemical laboratory.

The banker, in company with his brother, S. C. Dickinson, and a friend, went to Scranton a week ago to witness an experimentation in a chemical laboratory there. The brother of the dead banker said that there was an explosion and the room was filled with gas. The banker, gasping for breath, was removed to a hotel and later brought to this city.

The friend of Mr. Dickinson, whose name has not been made known, also was brought to this city, and his condition is serious. No information has so far been obtainable concerning the nature of the experiment.

Finds Them Unconscious.

S. C. Dickinson said that some time ago he and his brother were invited to Scranton to witness an experiment with a new chemical. They left New York on Monday of last week and went to the laboratory with their friend. They met the chemist who was to perform the experiment.

"I lingered in the main room of the laboratory," he said, "after my brother and our friend went into the small room where the chemicals were being prepared. The chemist called out to me to come, as they were ready. I started for the other room, and just then there was an explosion.

"I rushed in and found all three men gasping for breath and almost unconscious. The room was filled with a strange, stifling gas. My brother was taken to a hospital and kept there over night. As he did not improve he was brought to a hospital here the next day.

Case a Strange One.

"The case was a strange one. My brother's lungs became congested just as though he were suffering from pneumonia, and his condition baffled every treatment which physicians could devise.

"Dr. James R. English, my brother's physician, found himself helpless, and he called into consultation Drs. Janeway and Delafield, who were completely puzzled by the features of the case. We even sent to the chemist who performed the experiment, who suffered only slightly, in the hope that he could suggest an antidote, but he could do nothing. My brother grew steadily worse until he died."

Mr. Dickinson said that he attributed his own escape to the fact that he was in the main room of the laboratory, which was only partly filled with the gas. He said that the condition of the man who had accompanied them was serious.

Mr. Dickinson in the 40 years of his life achieved marked prominence in the banking world. He was the founder of the Carnegie Trust Co., and after the retirement of Leslie M. Shaw, in 1908, became its president, retiring last December following an accident and series of singular physical afflictions.

BANKERS OF WEST PLAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST BURGLARS

Minneapolis, Minn., May 29.—All the vast country that extends from Lake Michigan to the Montana line and from the Canadian boundary to the southern line of Iowa will soon be marked in crimson on the mental map of every bank robber and safe blower in the country, for the word has gone forth that the burglar must be eliminated, and newly strengthened agencies for his utter annihilation will soon be at work.

The richest, and in former years the safest, long stretch of country picking is to be made the rockiest and most dangerous. For years the bank robber has descended upon this territory in the spring and fall seasons and with occasional between season operations, and many a safe has he blown open and great the loot he has made away with. But the time for his extermination has arrived, and it is believed by prominent bankers who have just planned a campaign against him in Minneapolis that his days of successful operation in the northwest are numbered.

To put the robber out of business the Interstate Protective Association, in session a few days ago in Minneapolis, authorized the employment of additional special agents, the taking into association pay of more "cover" men and the beginning of a war of extermination. Persistently and relentlessly the fight against the bank robber will be carried on. No part of the country will be safe for him, and no lapse of time after the "getaway" from a successful robbery will lessen the activities of the pursuers.

The association will carry on, at an increased expense which it is prepared to meet, such vigorous action that the five states, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin and Iowa, will become, it is expected, the least attractive part of the entire country, and robbers will keep aloof from it as from dangerous ground.

Men prominent in the various organizations into which the 4,000 banks of the five states are grouped met in the offices of Charles R. Frost, secretary of the Minnesota association, in the Bank of Commerce building.

Charles D. Brown, special agent for the association, outlined for the assembled presidents and secretaries of the state associations the enlarged plan of action. Without dissent the greater sum necessary for the expense of the enlarged work was voted.

Mr. Brown showed wherein Minnesota and Iowa are good "getaway" states and wherein the difficulty of detection and capture is so much greater, this being true also of Wisconsin. The Dakotas offer opportunity for bank robbery, but less opportunity for escape because of the prairies over which a long run on foot or in automobile without observation is difficult, and the absence in these states of many cities of considerable size into which a robber may drop for temporary hiding until the storm has blown over.

Mr. Brown spoke of the employment of "cover" men as valuable. "Reformed bank burglars" was the way one prominent banker referred to the "cover" men.

"Not always reformed," said Mr. Brown. "Experienced, I think, would be a better word."

The necessity for their use and the good results obtained in past instances were made clear.

Nothing just like the Interstate Protective association exists anywhere else in the United States, although there are protective associations in other lines. It grew out of stern necessity. Each of the five states has its separate bankers' association, but with one state the same as another to the robber who knows no confines, and confusion the natural result to be expected from an effort of the state association to handle the cases of its own state the Tri-State Protective association came into existence, with headquarters in Minneapolis. It embraced three states at first, but now, with changed name, takes in five. It is today the most active, aggressive, progressive protective organization of its kind in existence.

All information from the vast country that the association's operations cover is carried into Minneapolis, and all orders for operation in detective work emanate from here. Its name has become a terror to the safe crackers, many of whom have come to grief through it, and it will soon become a greater menace, for its operations are to be so carried on, it is to be so strengthened, that its reach will be longer, its influence wider and its grasp stronger than ever before.

In the Minneapolis meeting, the nature of which will be of wide interest to police departments, detective and preventive agencies the country over, were Edwin M. Wing, La Crosse, Wis.; J. D. Elaston, Waterloo, Iowa; R. C. Kittle, Casselton, N. D.; S. Drew, Highmore, S. D., and W. I. Prince, Duluth, each the president of the bankers' association of his state. With them were George D. Bartlett, Milwaukee; J. M. Dinwiddle, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; W. C. McFadden, Fargo, and J. E. Platt, Clark, S. D., and Charles R. Frost, Minneapolis, each the secretary of the association of his state.

Others prominent in association affairs present were Wesley C. McDowell, Marion, N. D., vice president of the North Dakota association; E. A. Dow, Plymouth, Wis., president of the executive council of the Bankers' Association of that state; W. S. McCurdy, of Minneapolis, a member of the Protective Association; W. F. McLane, Frank E. Holton, Minneapolis and George C. Power, of St. Paul.

AIMS BLOW AT JOBBERS

The U. S. Steel Corporation Plans to Squeeze Out Middle Men.

Pittsburg, May 31.—What is believed to be the execution of a plan by the United States Steel corporation to take over the entire iron and steel jobbing trade of the United States and knock the jobbers out of the business, is the erection of large warehouses in various parts of the country where the steel corporation products, such as bars, tin plate and other materials, will be sold at retail.

Such a warehouse is now being completed in Pittsburg at Eleventh and Pike streets, following the building of a similar but much large one at Waverly, N. J., which has been in operation for two years. Depots are also being established by steel corporation subsidiaries near St. Louis and New Orleans.

When the Waverly plant was built it was said by the steel corporation that it was for the accommodation of retail trade whose orders could not always be promptly filled by jobbers who were alleged often to carry incomplete stocks. Now comes the completion of the Pittsburg warehouse by the same subsidiary company—the Carnegie Steel Co.—and arrangements for depots at Mississippi river points by the American Steel and Wire Co.

Jobbers say the corporation is aiming eventually to get the entire wholesale business, building one warehouse at a time. All the warehouses will carry full lines of all steel corporation products except certain heavy tonnage lines.

The fight on the jobbers was started several months ago in another direction, as developed today. The Carnegie Steel Co., whose price card on steel bars includes extra prices on extra sizes, has always given the trade a discount of 50 per cent on such extra prices, but, several months ago, a new card was issued in which extra prices were cut by this 50 per cent, making the card price the actual price charged. To protect the jobbers the Republic Iron and Steel Co. and other lareg steel concerns promptly issued steel bar price cards carrying the old price in full. Jobbers will be forced to fight this cut in the new prices which will be quoted to retail trade at coporation warehouses.

Another advantage obtained by the corporation will be the fact that it will ship to its Mississippi river depots by water, although steel prices outside of Pittsburg are based on the Pittsburg price plus railroad freights. By using its large resources to make heavy water shipments the corporation will be enabled to undersell jobbers, who must pay railroad freights, and still make larger profit than the jobbers.

MISS HARRIMAN WEDS

Daughter of Dead Magnate Becomes Sculptor's Wife.

New York, May 26.—In the quiet little Episcopal church at Arden, N. Y., Miss Mary Harriman, daughter of the late railroad master and builder, Edward H. Harriman, was married today to Charles Cary Rumsey, of Buffalo, a sculptor. Simplicity in the extreme marked the ceremony because of the recent death of the bride's father, who lies buried in the graveyard beside the church.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Holmes McGuinness, rector of the church, and afterward the wedding party returned to the Harriman home for the wedding breakfast. Miss Carrol Harriman was maid of honor, and Lawrence D. Rumsey, brother of the bridegroom, was best man, while Robert L. Gerry, who married Cornelia Harriman, gave away the bride.

None but the members of the Harriman and Rumsey families and a few close friends were present at the wedding. The little church was simply decorated with several stands of maidenhair ferns and wild flowers from the hills of the Harriman estate. The grave of Mr. Harriman was overlaid with a bed of spruce twigs on which laid a cross made of rhododendron leaves. The greater part of the honeymoon will be spent at Arden.

Miss Harriman was for some time reported engaged to Robert Walton Goelet, a millionaire and member of one of the most exclusive families in America. Young Goelet's suit was sanctioned by Mr. Harriman, but when Mr. Goelet introduced his sweetheart to Rumsey, his classmate at Harvard, it seemed to be a case of love at first sight. The engagement followed young Rumsey's visit to Arden to do sculpture work on a monument to the late E. H. Harriman and a bas relief of Miss Harriman herself on horseback.

Miss Harriman was her father's favorite and is said to have inherited his remarkable business acumen. Before his death Harriman turned over several million dollars to her and taught her how to handle money, the income from which she devoted to work among poor consumptives. Miss Harriman, after her father's death, took active charge of the great Arden estate. She is head of the Arden Farms Dairy Co., capitalized at $100,000 and paying dividends. She has superintended the completion of the mansion her father started on top of Tower hill.

TALK PEACE TO ROOSEVELT

London, May 25.—A deputation from the British group of interparlimentary union was received by Mr. Roosevelt today. The deputation was headed by Lord Weardale, and presented the former president with an address, setting forth the terms of the union and the hopes of the British group for universal peace. Mr. Roosevelt in reply expressed his sympathy with the cause represented by his visitors. He spoke briefly, as his throat is still bothering him somewhat, and his voice is not normal.

TAFT GETS A NEW "MOOLEY"

Wisconsin Provides a Cow for President's Milk Supply.

Chicago, May 25.—Wisconsin has achieved the distinction of supplying a successor to "Mooley," the cow which, until it was killed in an accident recently, supplied milk and butter for President Taft and his family at the White House. Senator Isaac Stephenson, of the Badger state, is the donor of the new cow, and the managers of the Stephenson stock farm, at Somers, Kenosha county, Wis., are in a state of elation and excitement as a result.

"Pick me out the best-bred cow in the herd and the one most satisfactory for all purposes," was the order of Senator Stephenson to Manager Torry, of the stock farm. Hence "Pauline Wayne," granddaughter of the great "Gertrude Wayne," has been selected to be the presidential cow and will be browsing on the greensward near the White House within two months.

As cows go, "Pauline Wayne" is an aristocrat of the first water. She is of the purest Holstein blood represented among the herds of the United States, and is valued at $1,000.

WOULD KILL BABY IDIOTS

Detroit Surgeons Applaud Praise of Methods of Savages.

Detroit, May 26.—The custom of savages who destroyed infants born hopeless imbeciles was applauded Wednesday at a clinic of the Detroit College of Medicine Alumni at St. Mary's hospital.

Among the children submitted for examination was a baby girl bearing all the stigma of degeneration. Dr. G. R. Pisek, of New York, who was conducting the clinic, excused the child's mother from the room and then turning to the assembled physicians said:

"Some surgeons operate in a case like this, trephining from the front to the back of the skull to give the brain room. I have watched the results of these experiments and I am convinced that the untutored savages were more wise than we in their treatment of such cases. They took such children and—"

The sentence was completed with a significant gesture that drew a burst of applause.

DEMANDS THRONE OF ENGLAND

New York Claimant Sends Ultimatum to Parliament.

New York, May 15.—John R. De Guelph, of Brooklyn, who claims to be a son of the late Edward VII., of England, sent a message today to the upper and lower houses of parliament and the people of the United Kingdom and Ireland, demanding the British crown.

After expressing sorrow at the death of the king, the writer says that he, John George Edward, Rex of Great Britain and Ireland, "the legitimate and lawful issue of the marriage of his late majesty King Edward VII. and the First Princess Consort, was unjustly and unlawfully deprived of his birthright as the first born son of the rightful sovereign."

HURLS THIEF TO DEATH

Woman Proves a Plucky Fighter.

New York, May 26.—Louis Gratch, 25 years old, painter by day and burglar after dark, was discovered by Mrs. Dora Gieteman in her apartment on the third floor of a Delancey street house today, and after beating the man with a cuspidor until he backed against an open window with a low sill, was smashing him across the face with a rolling pin when he toppled to instant death on the concrete paving 50 feet below.

Gratch got into the house by climbing up the fire escape. To get to the Gieteman's bed room he had to step across a couch on which slept Miss Lena Berkenholtz, a boarder. Gratch was searching Gieteman's clothing for money when Mrs. Gieteman awoke suddenly and screamed. She leaped out of bed and seized the man. Enraged more than frightened, Mrs. Gieteman pushed him into the kitchen, where she seized an iron cuspidor and struck him over the head and shoulders with it.

The man broke away and made for the parlor window. Mrs. Gieteman pursued him and seized him by the collar, holding him until a boy boarder in the house ran up and handed her a rolling pin. Two or three blows were effective and as the man struggled in front of the window at the side of the yard, she struck him across the jaw. With a scream he toppled headlong into the yard. An ambulance surgeon found that Gratch had died of a broken neck, caused by the fall.

FISHERIES CASE AT HAGUE

Arbitration Tribunal to Decide Rights at Newfoundland.

The Hague, May 31.—The arbitration tribunal before which will be tried the issue between the United States and Great Britain growing out of conflicting interpretations of the Newfoundland fisheries treaty of 1818, will hold its openings at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

The bone of contention now carried to The Hague is the intent of the provisions of Article 1 of the British-American treaty of 1818 defining the fishing rights of Americans and Canadians off the west coast of Newfoundland. Newfoundland holds that the right to fish in these waters was ganted to the inhabitants of the United States only. The United States contends that its citizens may exercise this right by going there in their own vessels with crews of Swedes, Canadians or Newfoundlanders.

The treaty further confines the right of fishing "to the coast." The United States interprets these words as including the bays, harbors and creeks. Newfoundland maintains that Americans may fish only outside the coast line proper. There are further subsidiary points in dispute.

Senator Root, who arrived in London yesterday, is on his way to The Hague, where he goes as one of the American commissioners before the tribunal. He is accompanied by several lawyers of international experience.

KAISER CAN'T WRITE

Owing to Insect Bite Crown Prince Signs Decrees.

Berlin, May 28.—Emperor William is experiencing some inconvenience because of an eruption on the right hand caused by the bite of an insect. The court physicians state that there is no danger of serious consequences from the irritation, which they expect will disappear within a few days. They have, however, opened and treated the affected part against the possible development of blood poisoning.

For the time being his majesty has delegated the signature of state documents to Crown Prince Frederick William, and all urgent decrees will appear with the double signature of the crown prince and the imperial chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, preceded by the notation: "By order of the emperor."

This is the first occasion during the reign of the emperor upon which the documents of state have received other than his majesty's autograph.

JESSE OVERSTREET DEAD

Author of the Gold Standard Congressional Act.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 27.—Former Congressman Jesse Overstreet, who represented this, the Seventh district of Indiana, from 1896 to 1908, died today at his home in this city, after a long illness.

Overstreet was chairman of the committee on postoffices and post roads during his service in congress, and was the author of the gold standard bill which was passed in 1900. He then became a member of the national monetary commission. He was secretary of the Republican congressional campaign committee from 1898 to 1904. A sweeping Democratic victory in this county two years ago retired Mr. Overstreet in favor of Charles A. Korbly. Mr. Overstreet was born at Franklin, Ind., December 14, 1859. He leaves a widow.

MEYER APPROVES PLANS

Decides on Battleship Construction Ahead of Appropriation.

Washington, May 27.—When Secretary Meyer yesterday set the seal of his approvel upon plans for the two giant battleships numbers 34 and 36, provided for in the naval appropriation bill soon to become law, he inaugurated a new policy in American naval construction.

Heretofore it has been the practice to await an appropriation before undertaking the preparation of plans for naval vessels, with the result that many months elapsed before the department was in a position to call for bids. In this case the work practically has been all done in advance. The naval war college prepared the rough outlines of the ships; these were passed around among some of the most able captains in the navy for criticism and they were then revised by the general board and placed in the hands of the naval contractors. Secretary Meyer paid a special compliment to the bureau of construction for the rapidity and thoroughness with which it had done its work.

Details of the vessels are withheld, but it is generally stated that they will be of 27,000 tons and carry 10 14-inch guns, making them more formidable than any ships now afloat.

SEES FIELD FOR YOUTH

Guggenheim Tells of Their Chance in Alaska.

New York, May 31.—"Alaska must ultimately benefit from the federal investigation of the territory's affairs," says Daniel Guggenheim, head of the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaskan syndicate in an interview given out here today. Mr. Guggenheim will sail for Europe Wednesday.

"These investigations," he says, "have brought to the attention of the people of the United States that there is a great sleeping empire of enormous wealth at our doors. Now it is time for the government to stop talking and do something which will give the people the opportunity to go to Alaska and take part in the work of development.

"There has been a lot of talk about syndicate control of Alaska because a syndicate happens to be building a railroad there. But little has been accomplished as yet.

"The thing to do is to stop talking and to act. To have large undeveloped quantities of gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, zinc, coal, oil, etc., at our very doors and refuse to avail ourselves promptly of this proffered wealth is to hold the country back.

"I would advise our enterprising young men anxious to succeed, who are willing to work, and have backbone and stamina, that they should go to the 'magnetic north.'

"It is true, though, that our country seems too bent on legislation adverse to corporations, and if this is persisted in, it will finally legislate them out of business."

CONSPIRACY IS CHARGED

Assertion Made That the Dewey Was Scuttled and Sunk.

Manila, May 31.—Further examination of the drydock Dewey, which is partially submerged at Olongapo in Subig bay, has strengthened the belief that the damage was done deliberately by a band of conspirators against the government.

However, it is now learned that the valves had not been opened as first declared, though they were found to have been leaking a little. This leakage would not have caused the trouble, and the dock sank more rapidly than would have been the case had all the valves been opened and no other opening made.

The experts believe that a large hole will be found in the port side of bottom of the dock. It is probable that the mystery will not be cleared until the dock has been raised.

FOUGHT ON THE MERRIMAC

Survivor of Famous Fight With Monitor Dies at Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va., May 31.—Rev. A. A. Jones, aged 67 years, one of the oldest active members of the Virginia conference, Methodist Episcopal church, South, died here Monday following a stroke of paralysis.

The deceased was on the Confederate Virginia (Merrimac) at the time of the Hampton Roads engagement between the Virginia and Monitor, and was in one of the last two boats that left the Virginia when she was subsequently blown up by her own men off Craney Island.

CLARK WOULD BE SPEAKER

Minority Leader in House Is After Cannon's Place.

Washington, May 31.—"I would rather be speaker for two years than United States senator for 18," said Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, the Democratic leader of the house, Monday. "Of course, there is nothing certain but death and taxes, but the Democrats will control the next house as sure as you are living, and I think I have a good show for the speakership."

In this way Mr. Clark disposed of the report that he would be a candidate for the senate to succeed Senator Warner, Republican. Continuing, Mr. Clark said:

"Mr. Cannon will be the Republican nominee for speaker next time. It's too early yet to predict the majorities. The greatest majority the Democrats have ever had in the house was 198, in 1890. The greatest the Republicans have had was 114, in the 59th congress, when Roosevelt was elected President."

BOTHA HEADS CABINET

Former Boer General Forms United South Africa Ministry.

Capetown, May 31.—The first cabinet of United South Africa has been formed by General Louis Botha, who has himself taken the portfolios of premier and minister of agriculture. The other members of the cabinet so far as selected are: General J. C. Smuts, minister of the interior, mines and defence; J. W. Sauer, minister of railways and harbors; General J. B. M. Hertzog, minister of justice; F. S. Malan, minister of education; H. C. Hull, minister of finance.

United South Africa was formed recently by the federation of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and the Transvaal. Viscount Gladstone is the first governor general. The union will come into operation tomorrow.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Government employes wanted, $600 to $1,500; examinations announced everywhere July 15th. Preparation free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. U 32, Rochester, N. Y.

LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES

Dennis Ricard Never Drank and Always Shaved Himself.

Mason City, Ia., May 25.—Rare indeed are the men who have seen three centuries. Dennis Ricard, who has just passed away at his home in Emmetsburg, was one of these. He was born in Ireland in March, 1798, and lived in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He died at the age of 112 years. He was a man of decided convictions.

Ricard was a Democrat, and yet in the days of Lincoln he worked for him and always admired him. Forty years of his life he spent on the seas and had visited every important port in the world.

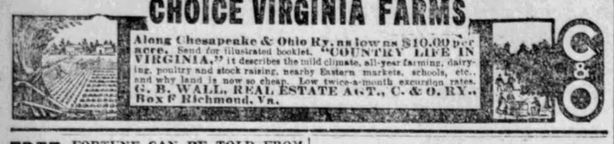
He was a temperance man through and through. He had remarkable nerve, and up to within a short time before his death he shaved himself.

MEN OF THE SOUTH OFFER TO PAY EXPENSES FOR TAFT

Washington, May 28.—A protest against the action of certain Democratic members of congress in opposing the appropriation of $25,000 for the President's traveling expenses, covering the President's last southern trip and an offer to make up the deficiency, was telegraphed to Speaker Cannon, by the Augusta, Georgia, chamber of commerce and cotton exchange and Georgia-Carolina fair association today. The telegram announced that at a called meeting of the three organizations held today, the following memorial was ordered sent to the speaker, to be presented to President Taft:

"Augusta, the winter home of President Taft, stands indignant and mortified at the action of certain Democratic members of congress in defeating by technical objection the proposition to make retroactive, so as to cover all the expenses of his last southern trip, the appropriation of $25,000 for the President's traveling expenses.

"At a joint meeting of the chamber of



CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

Along Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., as low as $10.00 per acre. Send for illustrated booklet, "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA," it describes the mild climate, all-year farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising, nearby Eastern markets, schools, etc., and why land is now so cheap. Low twice-a-month excursion rates. C. B. WALL, REAL ESTATE A. G. T., C. & O. RY., Box F Richmond, Va.

FREE FORTUNE CAN BE TOLD FROM childhood up, past, present, future can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. MADAM IRENE, 115 Second Street, Kewanee, Ill.

WOMAN DAZES TOWN

Chicago and Kansas City in Wonder at Her Roll of Greenbacks.

Chicago, May 31.—Who is Genevieve Baisden, familiarly called "Billy" Lee, a pretty woman of 20, who, after a season of conquest with the "sofa brigades" of leading Chicago hotels, departed last Thursday evening on the pretense of going to Europe, only to appear in Kansas City, where the natives have become excited over her beauty and eccentricities?

In the Missouri town she said she was the daughter of a shoe manufacturer of world wide reputation, and is engaged to marry George C. Ibester, of 6410 Kimbark avenue, Chicago. Mr. Ibester denies it and says she is the wife of a salesman for a Chicago piano house. She has told so many stories about herself that her identity has become steeped in mystery.

Her rosy cheeks, fine features and short skirts of various hues were not her only attractions, for she carried a roll of money which the bellhops of the Stratford hotel describe as being of "legislative dimensions." She spent it lavishly. She stopped at the Stratford off and on for the last year, occupying quarters which cost her $15 a day, and she never was known to walk two city blocks. She paid nightly visits to the Congress hotel, was a familiar figure in "Peacock alley," and always covered the distance between the two hostelries by automobile.

Indorsed by "Leading Family."

The source of her seemingly unlimited supply of money is as much of a mystery as her identity. She was recommended to the management of the Stratford hotel by one of Chicago's "leading families," it is asserted, and while she was visited in her rooms by women of culture and refinement she had friends among the guests. Though she enjoyed the inspiring music and bright lights of "Peacock alley," she was never known to drink anything stronger than lemonade, and made it a practice to be in her room not later than 11 p. m.

While she seemed to enjoy the attention of men, she resented any undue familiarity. She took music lessons at a local conservatory of music, and awakened other guests by beating on the piano in her room early in the mornings.

After her practice she would breakfast and then parade the lobby of the hotel. She would change her costume several times a day, and the only similarity was the length of the skirts, which did not reach the tops of her shoes.

Pays $150 for Plumed Hat.

Shortly before her departure a milliner sent a big plumed hat with a bill of $150, and the mysterious guest "peeled" the amount off the "roll" with the same freedom with which she handed out $1 tips to the bellhops.

House detectives who were detailed to learn her history reported that she claimed to be a southern girl who was sent to a convent in Canada; that she ran away and married a man old enough to be her grandfather, subsequently went on the stage under the name of "Billy Lee," and then fell heir to the "vast estate" of her uncle; that her guardian was an F. P. Wolf of St. Louis, and he held $2,000,000 in trust for her.

It required five trunks to pack her clothes when she departed, and she promised to write her various friends from "abroad."

One of the women friends of Mr. Isbester last night declared the "mysterious woman" was "joshing" when she gave her early history "in the south." According to this woman, the mystery woman is the daughter of a poor family named Hannan of Peoria, Ill., which moved to Lawtry, Fla., five months ago and began raising fruit. Her husband is employed by a Chicago music house.

MOODY SOON TO RETIRE

Dickinson Slated for Place on the Supreme Bench.

Washington, May 31.—Associate Justice Moody, of the United States supreme court, who has been ill for several months, is no better, and if improvement does not come by next October he may retire according to letters received from him by friends. Secretary of War Dickinson is understood to be President Taft's choice for the vacancy.

PROTEST IS MADE TO CZAR

United Presbyterians Object to the Treatment of Jews in Russia.

Philadelphia, May 31.—A resolution protesting against the inhuman treatment of the Jews in Russia was adopted Monday by the general assembly of the United Presbyterian church of North America, now holding its 52nd annual meeting in this city.

Copies of the resolution were ordered sent to the secretary of state, at Washington, and to the Russian ambassador for presentation to his government.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

HUNT GIRL'S SLAYER

Police on Trial of Fiend Who Murdered Little Alma Kellner.

Louisville, Ky., May 31.—The mysterious disappearance of Alma Kellner, eight-year-old daughter of Fred L. Kellner, on December 8, 1909, was partially solved by the finding of the mutilated and decomposed body in an old cistern, under a parish house of the St. John's Roman Catholic church, Clay and Walnut streets.

It was to attend services at St. John's church on the morning of December 8 last that Alma left home about 8:45. She was seen a few moments later, as she neared the church, by a druggist who noticed her stopping for a moment to play with a cat which was sitting in the window of the store. The druggist was the last known person to see the child alive.

The place where the body was found is but five blocks from the Kellner home. Almost the entire United States had been searched for her in the belief that she had been kidnaped.

The police have begun a search for Joseph Wending, former janitor of the church, who has been missing since January 14. It is believed he may throw some light on the mystery of the girl's murder.

Missing Man's Clothes Bloody.

Diligent investigation by the police and detectives is weaving a strong chain of circumstantial evidence about the missing janitor, for the apprehension of whom the police department will sweep every part of the country. Clothing which he is known to have worn bears numerous stains of blood. A hat recovered from an old barrel where Mrs. Wendling stated she had thrown it about the time of the janitor's flight also bears numerous stains. The trap door to the subcellar was so effectively hidden that its existence could have been known to no one not most intimately acquainted with the building. The keys to the school building say the police were always in Wendling's possession, who was given employment one month before the disappearance of Alma Kellner. The carpet in which the body was wrapped for its hasty burial is similar in quality to that which was found in the school store room.

It become known today that it was a custom of the Kellner child to go into the school chapel alone and kneel at the altar in prayer. It is believed that it was in this attitude she was seized on the morning of December 8 and dragged to a remote part of the school building.

Body Found in Fragments.

Saturday the janitor of St. John's church told Father Schuhmann that water was collecting under one of the parish buildings. Plumbers began to pump out the water. After pumping only a short time the water began to give off a foul odor, and later a slimy object was discovered. A child's foot, with shoe and stocking on, appeared. The police and coroner were called by Father Schuhmann.

After five hours all the fragments of the body were collected except the top of the skull and the lower part of the right leg. All the ribs on the left side were broken.

"It appears that the body was partly burned," said Coroner Duncan, "and I believe quicklime was used to aid in destroying the body."

Father Schuhmann said that he could remember nothing extraordinary in Wendling's actions after the disappearance of Alma Kellner.

"Wendling left the church without saying he was going to quit," said the priest. "He told nothing, even to his wife, thought at the time that possibly the fact that his wife, who is 42, was much older than he, caused him to leave. He often talked of returning to his old home in France. His wife wrote his parents at Genlis, Cote d'Or, France, but they had heard nothing of him."

Wendling is described at 27 and about five feet and ten inches tall. His weight is about 160 pounds. He had a small black mustache and has dark hair and eyes.

According to the wife's statement, Wendling was a deserter from the French army. Father Schuhmann said he had learned since Wendling's disappearance that he had left several positions without notice.

ROOSEVELT HEARS NEWS

Has Long Talk in London With Senator Elihu Root.

London, May 31.—Former President Roosevelt had an opportunity Monday to hear something of affairs in the United States.

By appointment he met Senator Elihu Root, who is passing through London on his way to The Hague. Mr. Roosevelt and his former secretary of state had a long talk at Ambassador Reid's residence, Dorchester house. Asked later what interesting subject kept them together for so long a time Mr. Roosevelt laughingly replied:

"This is one of the cases in which I must observe my usual reticence."

KOHLER'S TRIAL IS BEGUN

Former Cleveland Police Chief Denies Every Charge Made.

Cleveland, May 31.—What promises to be one of the most bitter and sensational trials ever held in this city was begun before the civil service commission today, when Frederick Kohler, suspended chief of police, appeared to answer charges which have been filed against him.

Kohler, who has a reputation as the "best chief," and is the originator of the Golden Rule in police matters, is accused of misconduct in office, intoxication and gross immorality. The charges against the chief were filed last Wednesday, and he was suspended by Mayor Baehr Thursday. Both sides have engaged able counsel and the case will be fought hard. Acting Chief of Police Schmunk has forbid any members of the police department from spying upon Kohler or taking any part in the trials unless subpoenaed.

Kohler today filed with the civil service commission a general denial of the 23 charges against him.

HEAVY TOLL OF THE RAIL

Pennsylvania Roads Kill 101 and Maim 1,051 Persons in April.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 31.—One hundred and one persons were killed and 1,051 were injured on the steam railroads and electric railways of Pennsylvania in the month of April, according to complete reports made to the state railroad commission. Of the number killed 38 were classed as trespassers, 30 were employes and six were passengers. The steam roads killed 77 and the trolley lines 24.

KAISER UNABLE TO SEE REVIEW

Potsdam, May 31.—For the first time in his reign the emperor failed today to attend the annual review of the garrison of Potsdam. Crown Prince Frederick William, who took his place, was accompanied by Empress Auguste Victoria, King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, Prince Tsai Tao, brother of the prince regent of China, and Marquis San Giuliano, the Italian foreign minister.

Potsdam, May 31.—The abscess on the right wrist of Emperor William is healing, and his majesty's physicians appear to be satisfied with the results of their treatment. The emperor remains at the new palace, where King Albert of Belgium, who arrived yesterday, is being entertained.

BLOW TO RAILROADS

Taft and Cabinet Decide to Seek Injunction Against Western Rates.

BULLETIN.

Washington, May 31.—The long contested order of the interstate commerce commission reducing the freight rate between the Mississippi river and the Missouri river, as a part of the through rate on through shipments originating in the seaboard territory, was today declared to be valid by the supreme court of the United States.

Washington, May 31.—A decision at a White House conference this morning between the President and Attorney General Wickersham to institute at once injunction proceedings, probably at St. Louis, against the Western Traffic association to prevent a general increase in freight rates tomorrow, preceded by but half an hour the introduction in the senate of a resolution by Senator La Follette, declaring it to be the sense of that body that such injunction suit should be brought.

None of the senators in the chamber when Mr. La Follette put in his resolution knew of the decision already reached. Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, wso saw the President at the conclusion of the conference with the attorney general, was the first to take the news to the capitol. Senator La Follette was prevented from making a speech in support of his resolution by the determination of Senator Elkins to call up the railroad bill for immediate consideration.

Attorney General Wickersham, after attending the sitting of the United States supreme court, had a series of conferences with senators, and it was decided that Senator Curtis, of Kansas, should make the reply to Senator La Follette, if the resolution should again be called up.

The decision to institute injunction proceedings followed a conference in this city yesterday between Attorney General Wickersham and a committee representing shippers, consumers and producers in the territory affected by the proposed increase in rates. This committee was accompanied to the department of justice by Senators Clapp, of Minnesota; Cullom, of Illinois, and Warner, of Missouri; and Representatives Nye, of Minnesota; Hitchcock and Norris, of Nebraska; Hubbard, of Iowa; Madden, of Illinois, Stafford, of Wisconsin. The committee protested vigorously against the proposed increase.

President Taft regards this situation as renewed evidence of the importance of the provision in the administration railroad bill, now pending in congress, which, if enacted, will give the interstate comerce commission the right to suspend for 60 days any proposed increase in railroad rates. In this period the commission, it is proposed, shall institute an investigation to determine whether or not the increase is justified.

If this provision were law, the injunction proceedings authorized today would not be necessary.

ASSERT SERVANT CONFESSED

Negro Girl Alleged to Have Told of Poisoning Employers.

Washington, May 31.—Nellie Clarkson, the negro servant, under arrest here, accused of poisoning Mrs. Florence Barrow and her daughters, Florence and Mary, by putting rat poison in the coffee pot at the Barrow home last Friday, was declared by the police Monday to have confessed.

The police say the woman related how she had been angered at having been discharged and accused of theft, and that she put the poison in the coffee pot after a quarrel with Miss Mary Barrow.

After she had returned home, the Clarkson woman is said to have told the police she was sorry for what she had done. All of the poison victims are now out of danger.

POLICEMAN KILLS ASSAILANT

Lying on Sidewalk, He Shoots With Fatal Effect.

Philadelphia, May 31.—James O'Neil, 27 years old, was shot and killed by John O'Rourke, a policeman, in the northeastern part of the city, during an encounter early today between the policeman and a boisterous crowd of young men. Whether O'Neil was a member of the party or only a passerby, is not known.

The policeman was attacked and badly beaten, and while lying on the sidewalk he drew his revolver and fired at his assailants. The crowd dispersed and other policemen, attracted by the revolver shots, found O'Rourke and O'Neil on the sidewalk. Both were send to a hospital, where it was found that O'Neil was dead and the policeman in a serious condition from the beating he had received. No arrests have yet been made.

REARGUE CORPORATION CASE

Big Case Will Again Go Before Supreme Court.

Washington, May 31.—The supreme court of the United States today set the corporation tax cases for reargument at the beginning of the next term, before a full bench.

RAPS SOFT HEARTS

Roosevelt Throws a Few Thrills Into English Bosoms.

London, May 31.—Theodore Roosevelt was today presented with the freedom of the city of London, and he accepted the honor with a literalism that led him into a frankness of speech that created a sensation in old Guildhall.

As the former head of a country that once paid tribute to Great Britain, the American states man give the motherland some bold advice as to her duty toward her most troublesome dependency in Africa. It was, Mr. Roosevelt said, either right or not right for Great Britain to be in Egypt and establish order there. If it was not right, she should get out.

Mr. Roosevelt eulogized British rule in Uganda and the Soudan. He also declared that Great Britain had given Egypt the best government that the country had had in 2,000 years, but in certain vital points it had erred. Timidity and sentimentality, he said, might cause more harm than violence and injustice. "Sentimentality," he added, "is the most broken reed upon which righteousness can lean."

Denounces Murderous Spirit.

Mr. Roosevelt denounced the Nationalist party of Egypt as neither desirous nor capable of guaranteeing primary justice. It was trying to bring murderous chaos upon the land. Either it was or was not right for Great Britain to be in Egypt and establish order throughout that country. If it was not right to further this purpose, then the British should get out. Some nation, said the former President, must govern Egypt. He hoped and believed that the English would decide that the duty was theirs.

As a whole the speech constituted the most forcible expression on foreign topics that the distinguished visitor has made during his European tour. He dealt principally with the British policy in Egypt, which is today one of the most discussed of Great Britain's colonial questions. His outspoken views sent a thrill through the 1,000 auditors which is likely to be felt outside the walls of the ancient council hall.

Guild hall has been the scene of many stirring events since its erection early in the fifteenth century. It was there that the trials of Anne Askew, the Earl of Surrey and Lady Jane Grey were held, but no audience of modern times has listened more intently to the proceedings therein than did those who gathered today to hear the former president of the United States.

Rides in Mayor's Coach.

Mr. Roosevelt was driven in state from Ambassador Reid's home to Guild hall, but the weather was not propitious and comparatively few persons witnessed the procession. Rain fell throughout the morning, keeping most people indoors, and only a few hundred persons were gathered in the vicinity of Dorchester house to witness the departure, or in King street when Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the hall. He occupied the lord mayor's coach, and this was followed by the coaches of the sheriffs, who wore their uniforms of office.

The guests of the city government at Guild hall included many American and English business men, besides the officials of the city. The latter were in uniform and occupied seats on the platform, to which Mr. Roosevelt was escorted.

The parchment conveying to Mr. Roosevelt the freedom of the city was contained in a beautiful gold casket. The presentation was made by Sir Joseph Cockfield Dimsdale, the city chamberlain, who, extending his hand to the city's guest, spoke briefly. Sir Joseph dwelt particularly upon Great Britain's friendship towards the United States.

In Beautiful Casket.

The casket presented to Mr. Roosevelt was oblong in form, the front and reserves sides being divided into four panels bearing enamel-painted views of Guild hall, the Mansion house, St. Paul's cathedral and the tower bridge. The center was occupied by the full blazon of the city arms in enamel with an ornamental shield below containing the inscription. At the four corners were enameled the arms of England, the United States, the city shield and the Union Jack. The base was of solid silver, having at one end a finely modeled American bison and at the other the British lion. The base stood upon eight gold feet with a lower pedestal of oak and velvet.

Following the exercises Sir John Knill, the lord mayor of London, entertained Mr. Roosevelt at a private luncheon, at which many prominent personages were present.

HAVE RAIN OF PEBBLES.

Iowa People Declare Comet is Shedding Its Tail.

Essex, Ia., May 31.—Supposedly due in some manner to the comet, a shower of crystals occurred in Essex. Boxes of the pebbles have been sent to the state geologist for examination.

The shower came up late in the afternoon and appeared at first as a light mist or rain. At the time the sky was perfectly clear. For several minutes particles of stone, accompanied by a light ash or dust fairly rained down, but not with force sufficient to cause any damage.

The little stones are only one-third as large as a pea and are perfectly transparent and water white. Many residents of the city picked up handfuls of the crystals and are saving them as curiosities.

CALL FOR MORE WITNESSES

State Officials Push Illinois Bribery Investigation.

Chicago, May 31.—Supoenas for two more state representatives who are to be questioned in the bribery investigation were issued today. The men named are Representative A. W. Foster, of Rushville, and Representative B. F. Staymates, of Clinton. Both legislators are Democrats and voted for William Lorimer for United States stenator. Foster is summoned to appear before the grand jury Thursday. A subpoena returnable the same day has been issued for Nathaniel Cohen, state fish commissioner. Representative Foster was chairman of the fish and game committee of the Forty-sixth general assembly, which drafted a new fish and game law.

The examination of Representatives C. L. McMackin and H. D. McCullom will be under the direction of Assistant States Attorney Bernard unless his chief, Mr. Burke, returns before the grand jury convenes this afternoon. It is generally understood here that States Attorney Burke will visit Chicago before returning to the capital in order to verify portions of the confession of State Senator Holstlaw.

PLANS MUNICIPAL CHURCH

Dr. Gladden Interests Columbus Pastors in United Action.

Columbus, May 31.—A "municipal church" is proposed for Columbus. Nothing like it is in existence anywhere, according to Dr. Washington Gladden, who is the prime mover.

Early this year he proposed in the Columbus Pastors' union that all the Christian churches of the city unite for philanthropical and welfare work in one organization. Rev. I. T. Reese, an Episcopal rector, who is the president of the union, appointed a committee to prepare such a plan of union. That committee has done its work and has a plan which will be presented to the pastors' union for adoption on the second Sunday in June.

It proposes to unite in one organization for philanthropical and welfare work all the Christian churches of Columbus, including the Roman Catholic and the Hebrew organizations. The organization is to be called "The Municipal Church" and is to be composed of the pastors of the churches and two delegates from each—one delegate to be a man and one a woman. There are to be stated meetings at which all the work of the character that is to be done conjointly is to be considered and decided upon.

"I feel sure," said Dr. Gladden, speaking of the proposition, "that it will be possible to secure the co-operation of all good men in such good work, and for that reason cannot believe that the proposition will fail by the refusal of any of those whom we look for support and co-operation to become a part of it."

EARTH HAS A SHAKE

Father Odenbach Says It Was on Pacific Coast.

Washington, May 31.—The weather bureau today issued the following bulletin: "A distant earthquake probably of considerable intensity at the origin, was recorded at the weather bureau early the morning of May 31. The preliminary tremors began at 1 minute 26 seconds after midnight, seventy-fifth meridian time. The second preliminary tremors began at 6 minutes 46 seconds after midnight. While the amount of motion recorded was only moderate, the duration of the record exceeded an hour and apparently was produced by an earthquake of rather greater than usual intensity. The phases of the motion were fairly sharply indicated and denote a probable distance of the origin of about 3,000 miles. The record does not indicate any special direction from Washington."

Cleveland, O., May 31.—The seismograph at St. Ignatius' college today showed the record of an earthquake last night of more than 42 minutes' duration. The shock began at 11:01:27 and the end came at 11:43:55. The maximum tremor occurred at 11:18. Father Odenbach, the observer, believes that the disturbance was about 5,000 mile distant, probably on the Pacific coast of North or South America.

Albany, N. Y., May 31.—The seismograph at the State Museum registered an earthquake shock of moderate intensity last night. The tremors began at 12:02 a. m. and continued until 12:50, the maximum movement occurring at 12:18.

WAS U. S. TREASURER

Charles Henry Treat Dies of Apoplexy.

New York, May 31.—Charles Henry Treat, until a few months ago, treasurer of the United States, to which position he was appointed by President Roosevelt, died of apoplexy, in his apartments at the Hotel Victoria here at midnight.

Mr. Treat was born in Frankfort, Me., about 68 years ago. Among his ancestors were Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert Treat, a colonial governor of Connecticut. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1865 and at once entered business with his father and brothers, who operated a fleet of 28 vessels engaged in the import and export trade. He was for many years active in Maine politics and upon his removal to Delaware in 1877, became a prominent figure in the Republican party in that state.

In 1888 he was chosen one of the delegates at large to the Republican national convention, and was credited with solidifying the Delaware delegation in the convention for Benjamin Harrison. In the same year Mr. Treat was an aspirant for election to the United States senate, but was defeated by two votes and soon afterward removed to New York. Here he became a member of the Republican county committee and managed the local campaign in 1895. He was an ardent supporter of McKinley for the Presidency, and soon after McKinley's selection, was appointed collector of internal revenue for the Wall street district, serving during the Spanish-American war. His appointment as treasurer of the United States was made by Mr. Roosevelt in 1905. He is survived by his widow and two daughters.

SUBMARINE BOAT IS TOMB

French Sailors All Perished in the Wreck of the Pluviose.

Calais, France, May 31.—Inspection by divers of the sunken French submarine Pluviose, which was in a collision wit hthe cross-channel steamer Pas de Calais last Thursday, shows that the hull of the submarine was crushed and that all of the members of her crew, 27 men, were drowned.

The submarine will be attached by chains to pontoons, after which, at each high tide, she will be towed in near shore until shallow water is reached. The work of getting her inshore probably will take ten days.

STRIKE AT MINES STILL ON

Anthracite Workers Fail to Return to Work Today.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 31.—Contrary to expectation the 12,000 anthracite mine workers in the Pittston district, who have been on strike for nearly two weeks, did not return to work today. The Italians, who are in the majority, want the operators to sign an agreement with them at once, which the operators refuse to do until the grievances are investigated by the concillation board. The strikers claim they are excessively docked, and that coal they mine is not properly weighed.

FLOWERS STREWN ON WATER

Sandusky, May 31.—Services in honor of the sailor dead were held on the deck of the steamer Arrow, at anchor in Sandusky bay, by the Women's Relief corps of McMeens post, Grand Army of the Republic, yesterday. Flowers were scattered over the surface of the bay from the vessel, while hymns were chanted and prayers said.

The graves in the little cemetery adjoining the Ohio soldiers' and sailors' home were decorated, under threatening skies, by the 1,750 veterans enrolled as inmates of the institution. Gen. William R. Burnett, commandant at the home, officiated. The memorial address was delivered by Capt. W. S. Matthews, of Columbus.

CYCLONE DOES DAMAGE

Ashland, O., May 31.—A cyclone swept through Milton township, Ashland county, yesterday afternoon, razing trees and destroying orchards. Joseph Fike's barn was moved off its foundation and badly damaged. Trees in the orchards near the Fike homs were uprooted. The cyclone covered an area of four miles.

NEW WHEAT KING NOW

Waterman, the Albany Miller, Believed to Control the Market.

Chicago, May 27.—James A. Patten lost $1,000,000 yesterday in the decline of prices, resulting from the private settlement of Theodore H. Waterman's "squeeze" in May wheat.

The unloading of 8,000,000 bushels of September wheat by James A. and George H. Patten and the announcement of their withdrawal from the brokerage firm of which they have been members for a generation, and also their retirement, at least temporarily, from business came coincidentally.

The net decline in prices ranged from 4½ cents in September to more than 5 cents in May wheat. Altogether the day in wheat was one destined to take rank with other momentous periods of the history of the Chicago Board of Trade.

Says He's a Lamb.

James A. Patten left his office wearing a smile. In his limousine he had leisure to read headlines estimating his losses at anywhere between $640,000 to $1,200,000 for the day.

Asked by a reporter if he had anything to say about the market, the speculator laughed and said:

"Just say I don't know anything about the market."

In this jovial manner Mr. Patten admitted that he had come out second best in a contest with the bears.

"Not many men could take it like that," remarked an admiring junior partner of the firm, as its most picturesque member left the office for his automobile.

The status of neither the May nor the September option is understood with certainty. As to Patten, it is not known whether he and his brother George have disposed of all of their September holdings, or still have a considerable amount awaiting a possible steadier market. While their retirement was announced, it is remembered that it does fiot become effective until July 1. Certain traders with reputations for shrewdness profess to believe the market will be called upon to absorb more long September wheat during the next month. The same question arises as to the May option. Has it all been settled for?

New King of Wheat Pit.

Traders are assured that Theodore H. Waterman, the Albany miller, the leading long in May, has carried his deal through to a successful conclusion and forced the leading short interests to settle with him at his own price, generally believed to have been around $1.14. Any effort to gauge his profits, however, is futile. S. J. Lichstern is said to have been the leading short in this option, but chiefly as agent for a big elevator concern.

Several cargoes of actual wheat were delivered to Waterman during the last ten days, in an endeavor to break the market. The latter bent, but it did not break. That a settlement had been effected became known today when a cargo of No. 1 northern wheat, consigned to Chicago for delivery to Waterman, was diverted to Buffalo. How many other, if any, short contracts remain to be settled before the end of the month, when the option ceases, is a matter of conjecture.

RAIL BURNS TO BONE

Young Man Receives Great Electric Shock.

New York, May 31.—After being unconscious for nearly 24 hours, Percy Cosgrove, 18, of 56 Somers street, who absorbed enough electricity Sunday to kill two ordinary men, came out of his deathlike trance at the Bushwick hospital yesterday, gasped out his name and address and then drifted into unconsciousness again. Physicians grouped around his bedside and gazed at him in astonishment, for his is one of the most astounding cases in the annals of the institution.

While Cosgrove was on the platform of the Chauncey street station of the Brooklyn elevated he tried to point out where he had seen the comet the night before. Losing his balance, he fell over the edge of the platform, rolled over and struck the third rail just as a train came along.

Cosgrove was caught on the shoe of the rail and lay with his hands cluching the deadly piece of steel, while volt after volt of electricity shot through him. His right leg near the thigh had rested against the rail and the current was so strong that the flesh was burned to the bone and the femoral artery, which is the chief artery of the thigh, had been severed as if with a knife.

Ordinarily this would have caused the victim to bleed to death; but miraculously as it may seem, the death dealing electricity had acted as the man's savior, for it had seared the wound thoroughly, just as wounds were seared in the early days of surgery before the science of ligature was introduced. This prevented the flow of blood.

Physicians are astounded that he was not electrocuted on the spot, as the voltage that went through his body was, they say, sufficient to have caused death. Dr. S. A. Lewis, who is in charge of the case, said yesterday that there is a good chance for him to pull through.

CYCLONE HITS AFRICAN CITY

Many Lives Are Lost in Mozambique.

Lisbon, May 31.—Dispatches from Mozambique, the Portuguese city on the east coast of Africa, tell of a great cyclone in which several steamers were wrecked, towns badly damaged and many lives lost.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, May 23.—Senate.—By the action of the senate the construction of two new battleships for the navy was assured. Senator Burton's amendment to the naval appropriation bill to limit the authorization to one ship of the Dreadnought type instead of two, as authorized by the house, was defeated, 26 to 39. The bill then was passed. It carries appropriations aggregating $134,000,000.

House—In the house the proposed appropriation of $250,000, as recommended by the President, was stricken from the bill on a point of order made by Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, and decided by Representative Mann, of Illinois, who was in the chair. In order to accomplish practically the same purpose in a different way, Chairman Tawney, of the appropriations committee, offered an amendment appropriating the same amount of money, but leaving out all reference to the tariff board. He hoped in this manner to bring the amendment within the house rules. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, made a point of order against the new provision, and this was pending when the house adjourned.

Tuesday, May 24.—Senate—The Cummins amendment to the railroad bill prohibiting the putting in effect of increases in railroad rates until they shall have been approved by the interstate commerce commission was before the senate today. Arguments in favor of the amendment were made by Senators Cummins, Borah and Bourne. Senator Martin suggested an amendment to the Cummins provision requiring the commission to pass upon all increases within six months after filing.

House—In the house an amendment to the sundry civil bill was adopted by a strict party vote of 110 to 83, appropriating $250,000 to enable the President to obtain such prices relating to production here or abroad as would be necessary for an enforcement of the tariff law. By a vote of 84 to 108 the house rejected an amendment reducing this allowance to $75,000.

Wednesday, May 25.—Senate—With the exception of a brief time given to the general calendar, the senate devoted the entire session to the consideration of the railroad bill, Senator La Follette occupied the floor for almost five hours in support of the Cummins amendment requiring the approval of increases in railroad rates by the interstate commerce commission. In the course of his speech he declared that it would be necessary to add greatly to the equipment of the commission in order to put it into condition to render effective service.

House—The house considered various bills on its calendar. Measures were passed to provide a railroad in the Hawaiian Islands and to build in Nome, Alaska, a house of detention for persons suspected of being insane. Mr. Olmstead, of Pennsylvania, explained at length the bill to provide a new civil government for Porto Rico.

Thursday, May 26.—Senate—The senate by a vote of 29 to 43 rejected the Cummins amendment requiring the approval of railroad rates by the interstate commerce commission before they become effective. It also adopted an amendment providing for six months extension of the 129 days' amendment of new rates and regulation in case the hearing is not concluded within the time. The capitalization provisions were stricken from the bill.

House—Because the President exceeded his traveling expense allowance of $25,000 voted by congress for the present fiscal year and the committee on appropriations sought to meet the deficiency by making the appropriation for next year "immediately available" the house today was thrown into lively debate. Chairman Tawney offended several Democrats by suggesting that the President had made his extended western and southern trip largely upon the urgent solicitation of Democrats of the house. Several Democrats made angry retorts and the motion was defeated.

Friday, May 27.—Senate—The senate failed today to reach a final vote on the railroad bill. Senator Dixon moved an amendment placing telegraph and telephone lines under the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission. This provision had no sooner been adopted, though in different form, than Senator Brown, of Nebraska, offered an amendment prohibiting railroads from acquiring control of competing lines under a penalty. Unwilling to accept so important an amendment without more opportunity for consideration, the senate adjourned.

House—The house today twice rejected amendments by Mr. Keilher, of Massachusetts to authorize canteens at soldiers' homes where such institutions are within five miles of a town or city in which the sale of liquor is authorized. It appropriated $1,500,000 for state and territorial homes for disabled soldiers and sailors and refused to move from New York city to Washington or anywhere else the board of managers of the national homes for disabled volunteer soldiers.

Saturday, May 28.—Senate—The senate today laid aside the railroad bill to listen to a personal explanation by Senator Lorimer of the charges of corruption in connection with his election. He introduced a resolution directing the committee on privileges and elections to make an investigation. The remainder of the day was devoted to eulogies on the life of the late Representative Griggs, of Georgia.

House—The house devoted the day to the sundry civil appropriation bill. Led by the Democrats, it curtailed the appropriation for the protection of the public domain, cutting in half the amount authorized to be used in bringing the work up to date, and prohibited the use of any of the money to meet the existing deficiency.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, May 31.—Lower cables was the chief factor causing a weak feeling in wheat at the outset today. There were practically no changes in domestic conditions. Toledo cash and May started 1c off at $1.02, July ⅞c down at 94⅝c and September 1c lower at 93c. Cash and May recovered all the lost ground and the futures about half the decline in the first half hour. At Chicago shorts were good buyers at the decline and early in the day demand for September appeared good around 90c.

Wheat derived some support from buying of Logan & Bryan later in the day. These people have been credited with handling 17,000,000 bushels in one day during the flurry last week. Liverpool closed 3⅛d to 3⅜ lower. Toledo cash and May finished unchanged at $1.03, July ½c off at 94⅜c, September ⅝ off at 93⅜c.

At the start corn was easier in sympathy with wheat, but the situation grew somewhat firmer in the initial half hour. Cold, wet weather will have some effect upon newly planted fields. Toledo May started ⅛c advanced at 58⅞, July the same and September ½c higher at 60c.

Corn closes: Cash and May 58¾c, July 59½c, September 60c.

May oats opened ¼c down at 33¼c, July ¼c off at 33c and September ¼c advanced at 26c.

Final oats values: Cash and May 33¾c, July 33⅛c, September 26c.

Clover seed was from 2½c to 5c advanced in the futures early in the day. Cash opened at $6.80, October and December at $6.45 and March at $6.50.

Following 10 a. m. there were no changes in seed values.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May31.	May28.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.02	....	....	1.03	1.03
May	1.02	....	....	1.03	1.03
July	94⅝	95¼	94¼	94⅝	95¼
Sept	93	94	93¼	93⅜	94
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	58¾	58¾
May	58⅞	59½	....	58⅝	58¾
July	58⅜	....	....	59½	58⅝
Sept	60	....	....	60	59½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	33¾	33¼
May	33¼	33¼	....	33⅝	33½
July	28	....	....	33⅛	33¼
Sept	26	....	....	26	25¾
Clover Seed—					
Oct	6.45	....	....	6.45	6.42½
Dec	6.45	....	....	6.45	6.42½
March	6.50	....	....	6.55	6.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.15	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.00	7.00
Aug	....	....	....	7.40	7.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	95	95¼	93¾	94¼	96
July	92⅝	93⅜	91⅞	93¼	93⅝
Sept	90⅝	91¼	90	91⅛	91¼
Dec	90	91	89	90⅜	91¼
Corn—					
May	54	....	53¼	53⅝	54¼
July	56¼	57⅛	56¼	57⅝	56⅜
Sept	57½	58¼	57¼	58¼	57⅜
Dec	55	56	54⅜	55⅝	55½
Oats—					
May	36	37	35¾	36½	36⅝
July	36	36½	35½	36⅝	36⅛
Sept	35¼	37⅛	34⅞	35⅝	36¼
Dec	35⅝	36¼	35⅜	35¾	36

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.07	....	1.06¾	1.06¾	1.07¼
July	99½	1.00¾	....	1.00	1.01¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	97	....	....	97	97¼
July	91¼	91¾	90¾	91⅝	92½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.01½	1